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ADVERTISING
AND
BOOKSELLERS.

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THE
MONTHLY
AMUSEMENT.

NUMB. I.

For APRIL, 1709.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

ACCORDING to the Title, 'tis design'd to publish every Month a Novel or a Play, and sometimes both together, selected from the best Spanish, French, and Italian Writers. The Translations will be by several Hands. All the Novels of CERVANTES, and the best Plays of MOLIERE, are already done, and will lead the Van in this intended Collection. It shall be no less our Care, than it must be our great Expence, to have the Novels and Plays well-chosen, and well-translated, by Persons esteem'd to have a good Taste and Style for such Things. If the Publick relish an Entertainment of this kind, we can furnish Plenty; if not, 'twill be to no Purpose to importune them: In either Case, whether we go far or short in this Design, the Buyers of what we shall have Encouragement to publish, will suffer no Disappointment; because every Piece will be an entire Work of it self.

If any Gentleman or Lady, shall be pleas'd to advise us to contribute to the Improvement of this Design, they may direct their Letters to our Shops, and have such their Favours thankfully acknowledg'd in the Manner they shall chuse.



La GITANILLA;
THE
LITTLE GYPSIE.

A
NOVEL.

*Written by MIGUEL de CERVANTES
SAAVEDRA.*

*And done from the SPANISH,
By J. OZELL.*



LONDON, Printed for D. Midwinter in St. Paul's
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ЛІГІДАМІЛ

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ЛІТТЕРЫ

А
НОВЕІ



THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

THE following Novels being written by the Author of Don Quixote, I shall scatter no Words to recommend them to the Publick: Only I can't but admire that in a Hundred Years no Body has had the Curiosity to put them into English. Dr. Pope has indeed done some of them; but whether he was Nice in his Choice, will appear upon Comparison, which I shall forbear, and proceed to those the Dr. has left undone. The Author calls them Novelas Exemplares, and in his Preface insinuates that he Wrote them when he was very far advanc'd, or rather declining in Years: Tho' if he had kept his own Council, no Body cou'd have known it by the Performance; and whatever he says about his being too Old to Jest with the other World, 'tis certain he makes very pretty Sport with This.

Touching the present Translation, something may be expected to be said. In the first Place, I am humbly sure I cannot be charg'd with not thoroughly understanding the Original: If this be admitted, it may in some Measure excuse the Liberty I have now and then taken to add a Word

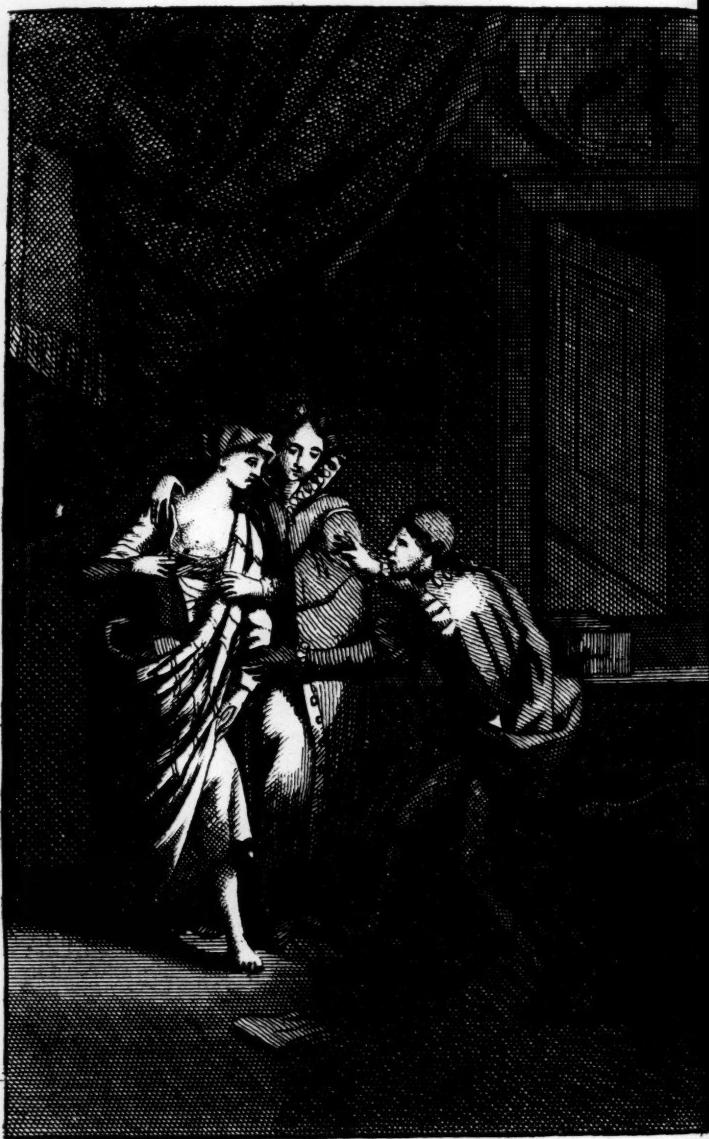
The Translator to the Reader.

or Two where I conceiv'd it might render the Sense
the Fuller, (tho' of all Men, Cervantes gives
the least Occasion for such Supplements.) How
much his Credit may be lessend by my Manage-
ment I know not, but his Text has suffer'd no
Diminution: I have not in the Narration omitted
any thing he thought fit to say. I have thrown
in a few Notes about some Things peculiar to
Spain; but as they are not many, so I likewise
hope they will be judg'd the less impertinent to
English Readers, since they relate to a Kingdom,
for which, in other Respects, They are so much
concern'd. In the Poetry I could not follow my Au-
thor so close as in the Prose, without making it
less Agreeable, if not less Rational than (I
hope) it now is. Particularly in the Ode upon the
Spanish Queen, I have banish'd Saturn, Mercur-
y, Venus, Mars, Ganymede, and the rest of
that Tribe, because I thought them improper
Company for the Virgin Mary, in the same
Poem: I have also vary'd in the Measure, and
chang'd some of the Materials; Being dazzled
with the Idea of a much more glorious Queen
than his Margaret, no Wonder I sometimes lose
Sight of my Author. To conclude, The Verses,
such as they be, are every-where of my own com-
posing; except Part of the Ballad, Keep me not
under Lock and Key, in the Second Novel
titled El Zeloso Estremeno.



JOHN OZELL.





Instructive NOVELS

La GITANILLA.

The West Indies (or) The People of the West Indies

LITTLE GYPSIE

IT shou'd seem that the Race of Gypsies, Male and Female, are only born into the World to be Thieves; their Parents are Thieves, They are bred up Thieves, They study Thieving; and, in short, grow so Dextrous at it, that nothing comes amiss to them. They can grind either Wind or Water, as they say, and are fit for any manner of Use. The Passion of Pilfering, and the Action too, are their inseparable Concomitants; which never leave them till They leave the World.

One of this Community, an old Woman, (who upon Account of her long Services in the Faculty of Evens, might have fum'd out her Discharge,) train'd up a young Girl in the Quality of her Grand-Daughter. She call'd her by the Name of *Preciosa*, and taught her all the Gypsie-Tricks, with the whole Art of cleanly Converiance. Preciosa

became so great a Proficient, especially in Dancing, that she had not her Fellow in the whole Kingdom of *Gypsy-ism*; and for Wit and Beauty, Surpass'd not only all *Gypsies*, but all other Women who were cry'd up for those Endowments. Neither the Sun, nor the Air, nor any Inclemency of the Weather (to which, of all People, *Gypsies* are most expos'd) ever had the Power to change the Loveliness of her Face, or discolour the Whiteness of her Hands: Together with this, she was so extremely Genteel and well-behav'd, that it caus'd all who look'd upon her with any Attention, to suspect she ow'd her Extraction to a better sort of Family than that of a *Gypsie*. All the Fault that could be found with her, was a little too much Airyness and Freedom in her Manner; but not such as discover'd any thing like a vicious Inclination: On the contrary, with all her Sprightliness she was so Severe in point of Virtue, that, in her Presence, None of her Companions, either Old or Young, durst sing any lascivious Song, or utter an unseemly Word: In short, the *Beldam* knew what a Treasure she had of her Daughter, and like an old Eagle resolv'd to shew her young One how to fly and to get her Living by her Talons. *Preciosa* grew rich in Ballads, Christmas - Carols, Country - Songs, Sarabands, Madrigals, Sonnets, Couplets, and other

other Verses, especially *Romances* (or *Odes*) which she sung with an admirable Grace : For the cunning old Tuttess perceiving that such sort of Toys and pretty little Fancies, in the tender Age and great Beauty of the Girl, would have very happy Effects in bringing Grist to her Mill, made it her Business to procure such Pieces, and left no Stone unturn'd to come at 'em. Nor was there any want of Poets to furnish her for ready Mony. Poets are no proud Men ; they'll take up with any Body to get an honest Penny : How many be there who work for the blind Ballad-Singers that set up their Staff at the Corners of the Streets, supply 'em with feign'd Miracles, and go shares with them in the Gain ? Such doings there are in the World ; Hunger, upon these Occasions, makes Poets as well as Nature, and throws their Wits upon more things than are in the Map.

To return to *Preciosa* ; she was brought up in divers Places of Castile, and when she was about fifteen Years old, her reputed Grandmother carry'd her to Madrid, thinking to make a good hand of her Merchandise at Court, where all things are Bought and all things Sold. The first Time *Preciosa* appear'd in Madrid, was on St, Anne's Day, the Tutelar Saint and Protectress of that Town.

B. 2 They

+ The whole Town of Madrid, is counted the King's Court.

4 . The LITTLE GYPSIE.

They made their Entry with a Dance, compos'd of Eight Gypsie-women (Four Old and Four Young) and one Man, a good Dancer, who led 'em up. They were all very neat and spruce in their Fashion, and drew the Eyes of every Body upon 'em ; but *Preciosa's* Attractions were such, that the Spectators grew enamour'd of her. As they were repeating the Dance, in the midst of Tabors and Castanetts, there was heard a mingled Murmur of Applause, extolling the Beauty and Charms of the Little Gypsie ; the Boys running to see her, and the Men to admire her. But when they heard her sing, after the Dance was over, the Air rung with Acclamations and Praises, and the Judges of the Festival, instantly, and with one Accord, gave her the Prize of the best Performer.

'Tis the Custom, upon celebrating this Holy-Day, to Repair to St. Mary's Church, before the Image of St. Anne. Thither the Gypsies went, and after they had all Danc'd, *Preciosa* took a sort of Timbrel, to the Musick of which she sung the following Hymn :

*Arbol preciosissimo,
Que tardó en dar fruto
Años, que pudieron
Cubrirle de luto,
Y bazer los desfchos
Del Consorte puro*

*Contra su esperanza
No muy bien seguros :
De cuyo tardar se
Nació aquel disgusto,
Que lanço del Templo
Al Varón mas justo, &c.*

The LITTLE GYPSIE.

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To St. ANNE, Mother of the Bleſſed Virgin.

I.

O H Thou ! whose Consort, best of Men, did
Lamented much and sigh'd in vain,
Despondent of the Blessing, He
Doubted thy Slow Fertility :

So long didſt thou defer thy Fruit,
Thou Precious Tree ! Inestimable Root !

II.

Thou Holy Earth, which did a while
The Pious Prophet's Hopes beguile ;
Ten thousand-fold thou didſt repay
The Suff'ring's caus'd by thy Delay,
When from thy Sacred Soil there came

The Plenty that supports the World's vast Frame :
Thro' Thee, bright Saint ! Omnipotence convey'd
Joseph's Mysterious Wife, the God-producing Maid.

III.

To thy Womb's Mint, We owe, bleſſed Anne,
The Stamp that coyn'd Immensity a Man.
Oh Thou ! whose Child th' Almighty, chose,
By whom his Greatness to disclose !
Oh thou ! whose Rule, the bumble Maid
Tho' teeming with a God, Obey'd !
To thee, our Refuge in Distress,
Our Hearts and bended Knees address ;
Do thou the Court of Heav'n prepare,
To accept our Vows and hear our Pray'r ;
To Mary's Son our fervent Suit command,
And let our Orisons in Prailes end !

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Preciosa sung so well, that she ravish'd all who heard her: Some blefs'd her; Others said, 'twas a Thousand Pities she was born a Gypsie, and that she was worthy of Illustrious Birth. Some more gross, *Let the little Harpie grow, Let her but grow; She'll be a Good One,* I'll warrant her; *She'll spread her Nets (i' faith) so that few Birds shall escape her.* Preciosa heard all this without seeming to regard it, any more than the insipid Flatteries the Vulgar gave her.

Evening coming on, put an end to the Ceremonies, and she gave over dancing, not a little tir'd; but withal so applauded, for Prettyness, Wittyness, good Sense, and clever Dancing, that she ingrost all the Discourse of the Court.

The Place of Rendezvous of the Gypsies when they come to Madrid, is in the Fields of St. Barbara: Thither it was Preciosa retir'd. But, in a Fortnight's time she came to the Town again, accompanied by three other Gypsie-girls, with Tabors and a new Dance; all furnish'd with Romances, and a great many very pleasant, but modest Songs; for Preciosa (as has been said before) would never permit 'em to sing any other, nor would she do it her self; a thing for which she was mightily taken Notice of by all People. The old Woman would never trust Preciosa out of her Sight, but watch'd her like Argus, lest some Body should snap her up

The LITTLE GYPSIE.

7

up and run away with her ; Nor did *Preciosa* look on her Guardian any otherwise than as if she had been her real Grandmother. They began their Dance in a shady Place of the *Toledo-Street*, and soon got a numerous Ring of People about 'em. While the four Girls were dancing, the old Woman was busie in picking up the Pence which rattled in upon the Stage from all Quarters like Hail-stones : So true it is, that *Beauty has Power to waken the most Lethargic Charities*. The Dance was no sooner done, but *Preciosa* made a Proclamation, “ If any Body ” will give me 4 Half-pence, [Quarrels] ” I will sing a Song by my self, the prettiest Song in the World ; it tells how our ” Sovereign Lady Queen *Margaret* went to ” return Thanks in *Valladolid* after her ly- ” ing-in of a Prince, and how she was ” Church'd in St. Laurence's. Tis a famous ” Piece, I assure you, and compos'd by one ” of the prime Poets, a Captain in his Pro- ” fession. Scarce had *Preciosa* done speak- ” ing, but the Throng, one and all, cry'd out, ” Sing it *Preciosa*, Sing it, Here's my four ” Half-pence, and Mine, and Mine ; inasmuch ” that the old Woman wanted Hands to ga- ” ther 'em.

At length the Harvest being got in, *Preciosa* struck up, and in a Voluble Numerous Tone, sung the Verses she had promis'd, and which were conceiv'd in these Terms :

A. V.

B. 4

Salio

Salio a Missa de Parida, Exodo
and the last need but one is an
easy Discourse in English.

Behold, of Queens the Queen appears !
The Brightest Ornament of Earth !
Whom all the Universe reveres !
The First in Merit, and the First in Birth !
Virtue and Beauty both Conspire
To Form Thee Queen of our Desire !
Behold ! She to the Temple moves !
Attended by the Graces and the Loves.

II.

Bebold Her at the Altar serve,
She who Altars does deserve !
Oh sacred Treasure ! Gift of Jove !
Delight of Men, and Pow'rs above !
Rerfulgent on Thy Face is seen.

The Empyreal Heav'n and Source of Day,
The Azure-Sky, where Phœbus takes his Way ;
Oh Goddess sure ! Oh more than Earthly Queen !

III.

Next to the Queen, behold the Star,
Of Men and Gods the Care ! The infant Prince,
For which they trembl'd, and for which they groan'd,
And much the tardy Birth bemoan'd,
The Night of our Despair.

IV.

See how the Brilliant Spheres descend,
And open as they downwards bend !
Troops of Immortals on her wait !
See all the Court of Heav'n attend,
To form the Ring of State !

V. All

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 9.

V.

All that is Rare

In Earth, Sea, Air,

All that ever precious grew

In the Old World or the New,

Arabian Spices, Indian Gold,

And all that's Glorious to behold,

Th' Enammel of the Meads profusely gay,

Contend to deck the Triumphs of the Day,

VI.

Banish'd be Envy, Child of Hell!

Let nothing here but Gladness dwell!

Let Universal Cheer be found!

And Bacchanalian Mirth go round!

With nimble Feet

The Pavement beat,

And every Hill and Dale resound!

The lisping Infant shall its Joys unfold,

And Youth repeat the Echoes of the Old,

VII.

Happy may'st Thou ever Reign

Always fruitful without Pain!

Heav'n that Form'd thee, bad thee be

The Scourge of Vice and Infidelity.

Justice to Thee for Aid applies,

To Thee each trembling Virtue flies;

Ever happy may'st thou reign!

or thy own Glory and the Good of Spain;

VIII.

Oh may the Sacred Sisters Crown

Thy Length of Tears with bright Renown!

Gran

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Grant all thy Days be Days of Spring,
And long, long Weave the Vital String !
With softest Silk and purest Gold
Oh let the Precious Ball be roll'd !
Thus Vow'd the People, thus their Wishes told,

IX.

'And now the Godlike Pious Queen,
Is in the Martyr's Chappel seen,
Who Phoenix-like, consum'd by Fire,
Did glorious from the Dust aspire ; [St. Laurence]
Incapable of Death, his Fame
Unhurt and still the same, (Flame.)
Surviv'd Man's feeble Rage, and Triumph'd o'er the

X.

" Oh Virgin-Mother, Wife and Maid !
(The prostrate Queen devoutly pray'd,)
" From endless Bliss some Moments spare,
" And be my humble Sust' thy Care !
" Thou, to whose Meekness it was giv'n,
" To * Tread the Stars, and Rule in Heav'n !
" Let not thy Suppliant's Vows be lost in Air !

XI.

" Lo ! to thy Holy Shrine, I bring
" My First-Fruits for an Offering !
" All that I Am and Have is Thine
" The Boon thou gav'st I here resign
" Accept what I restore !
" So may thy sacred Name be praised,
" And thro' the Earth thy Altars rais'd,
" Till Time shall be no more.

XII. " This

XII.

" This Child to Thee I Consecrate ;
" Oh grant (but be it very late !)
" When his Imperial Father, weary grown
" With bearing up both Hemispheres,
" And bent beneath the Weight of Years,
" Shall change his Earthly Throne ;
" Oh ! let it be by Heav'n Decreed,
" This Babe, a second Ales, may succeed.

XIII.

Uprose the Queen, the Temple shook,
And, by her Priests, the Goddess spoke,
• Rejoyce, O mighty Queen, rejoyce,
• In Hallelujahs tune thy Voice ;
• To Extrasy thy Spirit raise,
• And let thy Soul dissolve in Praise !
• Let Beatific Joys thy Breast dilate,
• For Heav'n has heard thy Pray'r, and made it Late.

Scarce had Preciosa finisht her Ode, but the Illustrious Auditory and Grave Senate that surrounded her, Resolv'd unanimously to open their Purses, and oblige her to Sing it over again. The Assembly consisted of more than 200 Persons ; and while the Little Gypsie held 'em by the Ears after this manner, there happen'd to pass by that way an Officer of the Law (a Puny Judge) who being a Man of some Curiosity, stood to hear a little ; but for fear of offending against his Gravity, did not stay the Song out. Being toucht with the Voice and Beauty

Beauty of *Preciosa*, he order'd his Footman to tell the old Gypsie Woman, that upon the shutting in of Day she should come to his House and bring her Girls along with her, to Entertain his Wife *Donna Clara*, who would be very glad to see them. The Footman did as his Master bid him, and the old Woman promis't she would come. Soon after this, the *Gypsies* mov'd their Station. As they were going, a brisk young Fellow, in the Habit of a Page, took his Time to accost *Preciosa*, and putting a folded Paper into her hand, he begg'd of her to learn that Song, for it was a very good one, and he did not doubt but it would please her as well as every Body else; he promis'd he would furnish her from Time to Time with New Things, by which she would gain the Reputation of the best Singer in the Kingdom. *Preciosa* told him she would learn it with all her Heart, but bad him take care to give her such Songs as he promis'd, upon Condition they were not offensive; and that if he expected to be paid for them, they would agree at so much per Dozen to be paid when Sung; for to think she could pay him before-hand was an impossible thing. Never trouble your self about that, reply'd the Youth, We shall agree well enough, take this Song in the mean while; 'tis decent and modest, and if ever I offer you any other, turn 'em upon my Hands. I'll be at

my

my Liberty to pick and choose, cry'd *Preciosa*; and with this Chat they were got into another Street overagainst an Iron-Grate from whence the Gypsies heard themselves call'd. *Preciosa* looking thro' the Lattice which was low, saw several Gentlemen Gaming and others Walking and Conversing together in a large Hall very Magnificent and finely Furnisht. *Your Worships* forget the poor Gypsies, have you no * Baratto-money to bestow upon us? (said *Preciosa* in a lisping Tone, as Gypsies use to do, Artificially, not by Nature:) At *Preciosa's* Voice and Face, the Gamesters left off Gaming and the Walkers Walking; and both the one and the other flockt to the Grate to see her, whom they all knew before, or had heard of; Crying out, let the little Gypsies in, let 'em come in, we have something to give 'em. Perhaps we should buy it too dear, reply'd *Preciosa*. I understand you, said one of the Gentlemen, but thou mayst safely enter Child, no Body shall touch so much as thy Shoe-string; by the Badge of my Order they shall not: With that he laid his hand to his Breast, whereon was the Cross of Calatrava. If you have a Mind to venture, said one of the Gypsies,

* *Baratto-money*, in Spain is what the winning Gamesters usually give to the By-Standers. 'Tis so common a thing there, that many Families subsist by this sort of Benevolence. With us *Baratto-money* is what's giv'n to the losing Gamesters only.

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girls to *Preciosa*, go in, a' God's Name; for my part I have not courage enough to enter into a Place where there are so many Men. You're a Novice, *Christina*, (said *Preciosa* to her,) what you ought to guard against, is, being with one Man *Alone*, not a great many *Together*: Persons of our Sex who are resolv'd to preserve their Virtue, may do it, ev'n in the midst of an Army of Soldiers: I own 'tis good to shun the Temptation; but this must be understood of Secret not Publick Occasions. *Christina* agreeing to what she said, and the Old Woman encouraging them at the same Time, they went in: Immediately the Knight of *Calatrava* spy'd the Paper in *Preciosa*'s Bosom, and coming up to her snatcht it away: She conjur'd him not to keep it, for that it was a Song which had been given her but a Moment before, and which she had not yet read. Can you Read, my Dear? said one of the Gentlemen. That she can, and Write too, says the old Woman; I'd have you to know I have brought up my Daughter as if she had been the Parson of the Parish's Child. In the mean time the Knight open'd the Paper, in which he found a Crown of Gold; In good truth, *Preciosa*, said he, this Letter pays the Postage on the inside: Do you take the Crown, and let me have the Song. 'Tis very well, reply'd *Preciosa*, this Poet has not treated me as if I was Rich. How-
ever,

ever, the Case is singular enough; 'tis a thing
much more Extraordinary for a Poet to Give me
a Crown, than for me to Receive one. If this
be his way of presenting Verses, e'en let him Tran-
scribe the whole Collection of Songs and Miscellany
Poems entire, and send 'em me one after another;
I'll feel the pulse of 'em, he may depend upon't;
and if there's any hard Lines among 'em, I'll
soften 'em by a kind Reception. The Cavaliers
were surpriz'd to hear her rally so prettily:
I'm impatient, continues she, to hear this Song;
Pray Sir be so kind as to Read it Out, and let
us see if the Poet be as Witty as he is Generous.
The Cavalier read it in these Words:

To the Pretty Gypsie.

I.

LOOK thou but Inward on thy Mind,
Then on thy Outward Form reflect;
All is thy Pleasing Beauty joyn'd
With rigid Scorn and cold Neglect.

II.

Under thy Blooming Angel Face
A Cruel Serpent threat'ns Harm;
If wretched were all Humane Race,
If thou less able wert to Charm.

III.

Oh thou! with Heav'n's best Gifts endu'd!
Oh Rock! Where Thousands meet their Fate!
While thou assur'st Our Fortune Good,
Ten Thousand Ills thou dost Create!

Oft

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IV.

Oft have I heard the Gypsie-Trade
Have Pow'r t' Inchant and to Surprise:
Too sure I find, bewitching Maid,
The Charm's not in thy Hand but Eyes.

V.

Object! more Lovely than the Light!

Tis thee Alone whom I adore;

Oh! leave me not in Endless Night,

Rich is my Love, tho' Hope but Poor.

The last Verse ends in Poverty, cry'd Preciosa, that's no good Omen: Lovers should never say a word of their being Poor; for, in my Opinion, Poverty and Love are two irreconcileable Enemies. Where did you learn to talk thus, ye little Baggage you? cry'd one of the Gentlemen. Where did I learn it? answer'd She, Have not I a Soul in my Body? am I not Fifteen Years old? I thank God I'm not Lame nor Hip-shotten nor Ricketty in my Understanding. Your Gypsies Sail in another Sea, and by a different Compass from other Folk: Their Cunning always Out-strip their Years; there's no such thing as a Fool among Us. Being forc'd to Live by our Wits we are always snuffing the Candle of our Ingenuity that it may Burn the Brighter. We suffer no Grass to grow under our Feet: You see the young Girls my Companions; they stand like Mum-chance, and by their Silence you'd take 'em for Statues; but let me tell you, they know What's What. They have all their Eye Teeth

try 'em ; - put your Finger into their Mouths. There's not a Girl among us at Twelve Years of Age, but knows more than another at Five and Twenty. a little Experience and a Spice of the Diabolical Art, adds she smiling, are our Preceptors ; They teach us more in an Hour, than can be otherwise learnt in an Age.

The Repartee of the Little Gypsie Amaz'd the Cavaliers and perfectly enchanted 'em ; in short they were so well pleas'd with her, that they all gave something, as well those who Play'd as those who did not. The old Woman's Box went nimbly about. This job was worth her 30 Sixpences [Reals] at least. So for that time she took her Leave, to go the Judge's House ; Driving her Ewes and Lambs before her, as blith and as merry as Easter. The Judge's Wife having Notice before-hand of their Coming, had got some Neighbours together and stay'd wishing for her, as for Rain in May.

The Moment the Gypsies appear'd, the Ladies ran to Preciosa, who Shone among the rest as a Torch do's among lesser Lights. Some embrac'd her ; others stare'd upon her ; These Bless'd her, Those Prais'd her ; What Hair ! like Gold. What Eyes ; like Emeralds, cry'd Clara. Another Lady dillected her, took her all to pieces from Head to Foot, her Joynts, Limbs, Features : Obbat Dimple in her Chin, Many a Heart has fal'n berein ! Then comes ye my old Gentleman-

Usher with a long Beard, and fourscore
Years upon his Back : Do's your Ladyship
call this a Dimple ; If I know any thing
of Dimples or Chins, this is no Dimple, but
a Sepulchre wherein all that look upon her
are bury'd Alive. By Heav'n She's as Bright
as Burnisht Plate, and as Sweet as Sugar-
Candy : Can you tell Fortunes, Child ?
More ways than One, reply'd Preciosa. So
much the better, cry'd *Donna Clara*, and by
the Life of my Lord and Husband, thou
shalt tell me mine, my Jewel. Give her,
give her your Hand and something to Cross it
with, cry'd the old Witch, and you'll soon see
she knows as much as any Doctor of Physick.
Madam Judge put her Hand into her Pocket,
but not a Rag of Money could she find.
She would have borrow'd a Half-penny of
her Servants, and of the other Lady ; but
they were all stockt alike, not the third Part
of a Farthing among 'em. We shall never
make a Fortune here, said Preciosa between
her Teeth ; afterwards raising her Voice
she told 'em, that all Crosses, quatenus Crosses
are good, but those of Silver or Gold are better,
and to Cross the palm of the Hand with a piece
of Copper, your Ladiships will give me leave to
tell you, lessens your good Fortune, at least mine
(aside) : A Crown piece or a half Pistole may
work Miracles ; but what Virtue can there be
in a white Farthing, or a Copper Half-penny.
For my part, I'm like the Church-Wardens, who

when there has been a good Collection for the Poor, regale Themselves. You're Witty my Dear, said the Neighbour Lady, and turning to the Gentleman-Usher, desir'd him to lend her a Sixpenny-piece till the Doctor her Husband came home, and then she would return it him. I had a Coronation-Groat, reply'd he ; but happening to Eat a Supper last Night, I was forc'd to Pawn it for three Pence three Farthings, which if you'll please to furnish me with, I'll go and redeem it. Dost thou ask us for three Pence three Farthings, when we have not a Half penny among us all, cry'd Donna Clara? Get you gone for an Impertinent as you are! All is not Gold that glitters, said one of the Chamber-Maids (*aside*) ; 'tis not always in great Houses, that great Riches are to be lookeft for ; I have a Silver Thimble, continues she, if that would do to Cross the Hand with? Oh to choose, said Preciosa, they make the best Crosses in the World, provided there be a good Number of 'em. I have but this One, reply'd the Maid, if that's enough, here it is, but with this Condition that you tell me my Fortune into the Bargain. So many Fortunes for one poor Thimble? said the old Gypsie ; Daughter be quick, it grow's Late. Preciosa soon pur up the Thimble, and taking the Judge's Wife by the Hand, she spoke to this Effect.

Give me that Hand, than Snow more White,
 I'll tell your Fortune to a Dair.
 Your Spouse has no suspicous Pace ;
 He scarce is fond enough for That :
 (A Sect there is of Idle Fellows
 Who Love too little to be Jealous.)
 Your good Man's grown a mere Hum-Drum ;
 The Blue rub'd off, he scorns the Plumb.
 You fat more Sweet than Honey are,
 Tame as a Lamb, and mild as Fair :
 Yet sometimes you are fierce, and fly-on
 Like Tyger or Barbarian Lyon ;
 But then the Storm is quickly Over,
 (Wherein the Woman you discover ;)
 As Infant bust in Mammy's Breast,
 So is your Passion laid to Rest.
 A Mole you have above the Knee
 A Blindman wou'd be glad to see.
 Thrice 'tis your Fate to be a Mother ;
 Not soon, but one time or another.
 A Daughter you shall have, whose Charms
 Will give the Neighbouring Youth Alarms ;
 Beware she break not thro' her Tedders ;
 More Sweet-Hearts farthere be than Wedders.
 You Scold too much and Eat too little ;
 Three Husbands you shall have's a Tittle ;
 Nay be not so rejyc'd to hear it,
 I will not undertake to swear it ;
 The Wisest of us may Mistake,
 All is not Gospel that we Speak.
 Of an Estate a Friend shall leave ye,
 The Lawyers will one Half bereave ye.
 To Night behind the Garden-Wall
 You're threaten'd with a Dang'rous Fall :
 Take heed you don't a Shoulder slip ;
 Your high-heeld Shoes are apt to trip,

Because

Because thereby the Toes are crumpl'd,
And many a Woman Over-rumpl'd.
But if you wou'd no hurt Receive,
Fall forwards ever while you Live.

Preciosa deliver'd these Pleasantrys with so agreeable an Air, that they were all a-gog to know their Fortune; but she put them off to another Day, advising them to line their Pockets with Silver Pieces.

They were just going, when Clara's Husband came in. They told him Wonders of the Pretty Gypsie: He stopt them a while and made Preciosa and the rest Dance to him a little, and Confirm'd the Praises that had been given him of her; then putting his hand into his Pocket, made as if he had a Mind to give her something; but after a great deal of shaking and rumaging, he pull'd it out as empty as it went in. Let me Dye if I have a Penny of Money about me, Prithee my Dear, says he to his Wife, give Preciosa Sixpence and I'll give it you again. A very good jest, replys she, and how should I come by Sixpence? you ought to know how well I'm provided. Give her then some pretty little thing, adds he, Preciosa will come and see us again another Time, and then we'll make her amends. I'm not of your Opinion, replys the Wife, I'll give her nothing this Time, and that will oblige her to come and see us again. Rather if you give me nothing now, said

said Preciosa, you'll never see me more. In the mean time I shall Save my self the Trouble of expecting it. You don't look as if you'd be Richer to Morrow than you are to Day. It is not with the Great Ones, that any Body should think to do their Business. They take with Both Hands, and pay with Neither; and what Recompence can I hope for? Let me give you a Word of Advice, Mr. Justice. Never refuse a Bribe and you'll never want Money. If you will not Act like your Brethren of the Bench, but are for introducing new Customs, you'll Starve, there's no help for't; your Wife must Starve, your Servants must Starve, and all that are about you. I know very well the Practice of others, reply'd the Judge, but that's nothing to me, I'm not of a Humour to Damn my Soul for filthy Lucre. Why there's it, says the Little Gypsie, Your Head runs upon being Canoni-z'd for a Saint when you're Dead: I own it woud be an extraordinary thing, a very extraordinary thing, to see a Judge's Name in Red Letters in the Calendar; and now I think on't I bespeak a small Piece of your Cloak for a Relick. Prithee don't be so severe, Preciosa, (said the Judge) I'm your Friend, and if you'll be rul'd by me, I'll put you in a way to be taken Notice of by their Majesties; for thou art a Bird for a King. Their Majesties perhaps woud make me their Fester, said Preciosa, and I agree tis a very good Trade in a Prince's Court. A Buffoon Then
make

makes his Fortune much sooner than an Honest Man; but as it is a thing I'm awkward at, I shou'd soon be discarded. I'm very well content to be as I am, and to run the Course that Heav'n has set me: — Here she was interrupted by her Grannum; Hold a little, Young Gentlewoman, not so fast I beseech ye; Indeed and indeed you talk of more things than you learn't from Me: They that Refine too much, may be in Danger of losing their Edge; Don't let your Tongue run Riot, but speak as becomes your Years: Don't fly too high for fear of a Fall.—The Judge stare'd at the Gypsies, as if he thought the Devil was in the Body of 'em. Night coming on they took their leaves, and as they were going, the Damsel of the Thimble bad Preciosa tell her Fortune too, or return her Thimble, for that she had no other to Work with. Hark ye Mistris-Maid, says Preciosa, Make account that I have told you your Fortune, and Provide your self with another Thimble; or make no more Gaffers till Friday, when I shall be bere again; and will tell thee more Ventures and Adventures than are contain'd in a Book of Knight-Errantry. After this, they went their ways and joyn'd Company with several Country-Women, who at the Ave-Mary Bell are wont to go out of Town to the Villages thereabouts, and among them there were some whom the Gypsies always ming-

mingled with and so return'd secure ; For the Old Gypsie liv'd in continual fear of losing *Preciosa*.

It happen'd afterwards, early one Morning, as they were returning to *Madrid* to levy their Contributions, in a little Vally about 500 Paces from the Town, the first Object that presented to their Eyes was a fine Young Gentleman, of a Good Mien and Richly Habited. The Sword and Dagger which he wore, had their Hilts of the purest Gold, his Hat Glitter'd with Jewels, and was adorn'd with a Plume of Feathers of divers Colours. The Gypsies no sooner saw him but they stopt to look at him, extremely surpriz'd that at such an Hour a Young Gentleman of his appearance shou'd be in such a place a-foot and without Company ; but they were much more surpriz'd when they saw him approaching towards them with a smiling Air, and in the most Civil Manner desiring the Old Gypsie to give him an opportunity of speaking with Her and *Preciosa* one Moment in Private ; having nothing to say to 'em but what was for their advantage. *With all my Heart*, reply'd the Old Woman, upon Condition you don't carry us far out of the way ; nor detain us too long. Upon this they all three stopt aside about 20 Paces from the Rest, and there the Young Gentleman addressing himself to *Preciosa*, told her without much preamble,

how

how great a Passion he had for her, and how much he was Captivated with her Wit and Beauty ; he own'd, he had for a long time resisted his Destiny, but that the more he strugl'd with his Chain, he found himself the faster Bound ; and that it was impossible for him not to Adore Her. Then turning to the Old Woman, and at the same time opening his Cloak, he shew'd her a Cross upon his Breast. My good Mother, says he, I am a Knight and of One of the most Honourable Orders in Spain, as you may see. I am call'd *Don John de Carcamo*, for I will not conceal my Name from you. I live under the Care and Protection of my Father ; I am an only Son and may expect a tolerable Estate. My Father at present attends the Court, Solliciting for a Post which is in some manner assur'd to him. By this you may conclude I have no Reason to complain of Fortune ; Yet do I complain and must for ever, if, with all this, I possess not *Preciosa* ; For whose sake I could wish my self a great Lord, to raise up her Humility to my own Grandeur ; by making her my Equal and my Lady. My Designs are pure and my Words sincere, and I only desire to serve *Preciosa*, in the Manner that shall please Her best ; Her Will shall be always *Mine*. My Heart is like Wax, to receive the Impression of her Commands ; but as lasting as Marble to preserve it.

If you believe this Truth, I'm the Happiest; if not, the most Miserable of Men. I have already told you my Family and my Father's Name, and where he resides at present; I need not give you any farther Directions to inform your self of my Condition. Neither his Quality nor mine are so obscure, but that we are sufficiently known at the Palace, and throughout the Town. I have brought with me 100 Crowns in Gold, as an Earnest of my future Intentions; for he that gives his Soul, cannot refuse his Estate.

All the time that *Don John* was speaking, *Preciosa* consider'd him with attention: 'Tis certain, his good Mien, Discourse, and Shape did not seem disagreeable to her; then turning to her Grandmother, she desir'd leave to answer the Gentleman: The Old Woman knowing *Preciosa*'s Capacity, soon granted it. Whereupon she began thus, Senior Cavalier, tho' I am but a poor Gypsie and of mean Extraction, yet have I a sort of a fantastical Spirit that raises me above the common Level. I'm not to be mov'd with Promises, nor conquer'd by Presents, nor bent by Submissions, nor surpriz'd with Gallantries. Tho' I'm young in Years, I'm not so in Understanding; I know more of the World than my Age seems to promise; and this, rather thro' my natural Genius, than from Experience, I assure you. But both the one and the other tell me, that Love is

an impetuous Passion which blinds the Eyes of those it possesses, and unhinges their Reason. A Man that's Amorous, Sees a young Person that has some Charms ; he indulges himself with the Amusement, not considering the prejudice it does him in the World, and how inconvenient it is to his Affairs ; He gives the Reins to his Appetite, and thinks of nothing but how to enjoy what he loves ; for this purpose he leaves nothing Untempted ; and the Moment he's possest of her, the Scales fall off his Eyes, his Tenderness turns to Contempt ; She that was his Idol before, is now his Aversion ; and thinking all the while he had an Angel by the little Finger, finds at last he has got the Devil by the Great Toe.

These considerations, I own, have such an Effect on me, that I give no Credit at all to any Words, nor do I much rely upon some Deeds. One only Jewel I'm possest of, which I prize more than Life, and that is my Integrity and my Virtue ; and rather than suffer my self to be trick'd or rob'd of it, I will carry it to the Grave, and perhaps to Heaven. Virginity is a Flower which hath a possible Existence, tho' so nice a one, that even the Imagination may buriel it. When once the Rose is cut from the Tree, how soon, and how easily does it fade ? This Man handles it, that smells it, the other plucks off the Leaves, and in the end it is intirely spoilt between the Hands of Clowns. If, Sir, you come with any such Design, you'll return without your Errand, unless I'm scoult with the Ligatures and Bands

of Matrimony ; if my Virtue inclines at all, it must be to this Holy Yoke, and then it will not be lost, but lay'd out to Advantage ; if you desire to be my Husband, I'll be your Wife : But in order to this there are certain Preliminaries to be settled ; divers and sundry Articles to be agreed upon. Marriage is not a thing to be enter'd into unadvisedly, and some wise Men there are who say, It is an Affair which ought to be thought on one's whole Life. First, I must know if you are Don John de Carcamo ; which if true, you must resolve, young Gentleman, to forsake your Father's House, and in exchange to come and live with us ; you must put on the Habit of a Gypsie, and go through a State of Probation in our Schools for the space of two Years, in which time we shall see whether our Humours Sympathise ; and if after this we find our selves made for one another, we may unite our Destinies by the sacred Tye of Hymen, but till then you shall consider me as a Sister and no other : The Terms are a little hard I must own, but we cannot take too many Precautions in the Busyness of Matrimony. You may, for your comfort, consider ; that in this time of Tryal, you will perhaps recover your Sight, which at present may be lost, or at least very much disturb'd ; and you may chance to perceive that it is your true Interest to shun what you now so eagerly pursue ; and regaining your Liberty by a timely Repentance, may forgive your self the false Step you had made. If upon these Conditions you are willing

to Lift your self under our Banners, you are free to do it, and shall be welcome; but failing in any one Point, you touch not a Finger of mine.

Don John, who gave an attentive Ear to all these things, look'd as if he was Planet-struck; and with his Eyes upon the Ground, seem'd to be at a loss what Answer to make; which Preciosa taking notice of, I perceive, continu'd she, that you are frigbin'd at so strange a Proposition; but I am very desirous you should take time to determine your Self; neither is it an affair of so little moment, as that it ought or can be resolv'd on in those few that are before us. Go Home, Sir, take my Advice, examine your self well, do nothing rashly: A wise Man ought to make no work for Repentance. In the mean time you may speak with me all the Holy-Days, in this Place, either in our going to Town, or coming from it.

To which the Gentleman answyerd, When first it was the Will of Heaven to dispose me to love Preciosa, I form'd a Resolution to have no other Mind but Hers; tho' I never could have conceiv'd she would have expected from me any such Compliance as this; but since it is thy Pleasure, my charming Preciosa, to command so signal an Instance of my Obedience, from this Moment reckon me a Gypsie; Exact from me all the Proofs you think fit; tho' a hundred times more difficult, you shall always find me to be what I profess. You have no-

thing to do but to fix the time when I shall begin to change my Condition of Life, and you cannot command it sooner than I wish it: I will take the pretence of going into Flanders, as my Father has long desir'd I should; and by this means I shall have an opportunity of furnishing my self with what Money may be necessary: I shall not be above Eight Days at most in getting ready my Equipage; after which I will set forward, and shall find a Way so well to deceive those who may accompany me, that I shall easily bring about my design. The only thing which I conjure you to grant me, my lovely *Preciosa*, (if I may already dare to ask any Favour) is, that, after this Day, (wherein you may inform your self of my Birth and Quality,) you will go no more to Madrid; because I would not methinks leave it to Chance, or to any Opportunity (of which there are too many in that Place,) to rob me of the Blessing which is so dear to me. A little Jealousie sits well on a Lover, answer'd *Preciosa*, but he ought also to have some Confidence. Be assur'd, whatever you see by me, I shall never take so much Liberty as to give you any real cause to apprehend it should degenerate into Licentiousness. I am very sensible that when I shall have reason to cease loving you, I can never love any other.

Good God, how like an Angel the Girl talks! cry'd the Old Trot, how sensible, how pertinent!

The LITTLE GYPSIE. 3

pertinent! A Master of Arts is a Fool to her! Where a devil didst a' learn so many things? Love, Jealousie, Confidence, and what not? like a Person possest, who talks Latin without knowing the Chris-cross-row.

Preciosa fell a laughing at her Grannum's Simplicity, and told her she would have her to know, that all this was nothing to what she had in *Petto*.

Preciosa's Wit and good Sence, were Fuel to the Fire which burnt in the Breast of the enamour'd Cavalier. To make short, they resolv'd all three to meet again in the same Place that Day Se'nnight; When *Don John* should give an Account of the State of his Affairs; And *They* should declare whether they were satisfied of the Truth of what he had told 'em.

Before he left 'em, the Old Gypsie open'd the Purse, and convinc'd her self, with her own Eyes, of the Real Presence of the hundred Crowns. *Preciosa* was for returning the Money and keeping the Purse; which was richly Embroider'd: Pray be Quiet (say's the Old Crack) the Girl's a Fool sure with all her Wisdom. Can a Man give a better Sign of surrendering himself, than by delivering up his Arms? what's free'r than Gift? Let the Occasion be what it will, 'twas always the mark a generous Temper. Heav'n will not help 'em, it won't help themselves. Every Man sees

himself, and God for us all, say I. You forget, Preciosa, that We are Gypsies, to whom all Ages have given the Title of Provident and Industrious; And the Name shall never be the worse for my wearing. Wou'd you have me despise a 100 Crowns my Dear; and in Gold too? which will lye in the Placket of an Old Petticoat not worth two Pence, as snug and as warm as One that has an Estate in the Meadows of † Estremadura. Then again, if any of our Children or Fraternity, shou'd meet with a Mischance, to fall into the Hands of Justice, or so; Can one have better Friends than These, to recommend us to the Favour of a Recorder, or mollifie the bard Heart of a Constable? Three times in my Life, for three several Crimes, have I been upon the Point * of mounting the Cross. A Silver Basin brought me off the first Time; a Pearl-Necklace the second; and the third Time, I was forc'd to part with some Ready Rhinos. Consider, my Dear, 'tis a very ticklish Trade we follow, full of Stumbling-blocks, and forc'd Purs; and there cannot be a surer Protection than the invincible Arms of the Grand Philip. There is no passing the Ne Plus Ultra of these Hercules Pillars. A double headed Ducatoon spreads Joy upon the Melancholy Phiz. of an Un-

[†] Estremadura: A most Fruitfull Province in Spain, particularly for Pasture.

* In Spain they set Offenders upon an AD, where they Whip 'em.

der-Sheriff, and the other Ministers of Death, who are the Blood-suckers and Bone-pickers of us poor Gypsies. They'd rather have the plucking of our Feathers, a thousand Times, than those of a Highwayman: What ever Disasters we meet with, how Miserable soever we appear, we can never gain the Credit of being thought Poor; they say we are like || Jack-Frenchman's Doublet, all torn and greasie, but well wadded with Pistoles. For God-sake, Mother, ha' Done! reply'd; Preciosa: What a threading of Arguments is here, in favour of, *My Child keep Money in thy Purse*? Prithee keep 'em, and be quiet; and much good may't do you with 'em; may you carry 'em to the Grave with you, say I; nor may they ever return to see the Light, nor you ever have Occasion they shou'd. But this is not all; We must give our Companions some share of 'em, they have waited for us a long Time, and may be uneasie. They shall see these hundred Crowns, (reply'd the Hag,) as much as they see the Great Turk at this present speaking. But there's a remedy for all things. This good Gentleman, will look if he has no Silver or Copper-pieces left to bestow among 'em; A little thing will content Them. He reply'd, he had some

|| *Gauchos*: A contemptuous Name for the French; commonly us'd in Spain. Deriv'd, 'tis thought by me, from the Word *Gabali*, a People about Narbonne in France and corruptly *Gaucho*.

about him, and took out of his Pocket four or five *Reals* and gave 'em among the Gypsies; which made 'em as Uppish as the Composer of a Piece of Prize Musick, when he bears away the Bell from the rest of the Putters in. After the Distribution of the Money, *Dn John* once more taking aside the Old Woman and *Preciosa*, repeated his Promise of being One of *Them*; they agreed to call him *Andrew*, a common Name among the Gypsies, after which he took his leave of 'em; but he did not dare to Embrace or Salute *Preciosa*. So respectful was the Love he had for her. *Andrew*, for we shall now call him by that Name, leaving his Soul behind him, return'd to the Town; as did the Gypsies soon after, the happiest Creatures in the World with this Adventure.

Preciosa being something Touch't (more thro' Good Nature than Love) at the agreeable disposition of *Andrew*, long'd already to inform her self if he was what he pretended. They were got into *Madrid*, and after crossing a Street or two; She happen'd to light on the young Page, that gave her the Verses and the Crown. Assoon as he cast Eye on her, he came up, and after he had Wellcom'd her to Town, and all that, Askt if she had Read those Stanzas he gave her the other Day? Before I give you a Word of Answer, reply'd, *Preciosa*, you must tell me one Truth. With all my Heart said

said he, tho' it cost me my Life, I wou'd not dissemble in the least. Why then, cry'd she, by the Life of her you Love best, are you peradventure a Poet? To which he answer'd, There were so few who deserv'd the Name of Poet, that he cou'd safely say he was not One; but to speak Truth, he lov'd Poetry; and that when he had Occasion for Verses, he neither beg'd nor borrow'd from other People; adding, that those he had giv'n her, were his own, as well as those he still design'd to give her; yet for all this, continu'd he, I am no Poet, and God forbid I ever shou'd! Is it so sad a thing then to be a Poet? reply'd She: Not so neithery said he; but to be a Poet and nothing else, I don't hold that to be over-Good. Poetry ought to be us'd like a Precious Jewel, whose Owner do's not bring it forth every Day, nor shews it to all People, nor in all Places; but only now and then, when it stands with Decency and Reason. Poetry is a most beautiful Damsel, Chast, Virtuous, Witty, Reserv'd, a Lover of Solitude; and continent to the highest pitch of Discretion.

Yet for all this, reply'd *Preciosa*, I have heard that Poets are extreamly Poor; and next Kin to Beggars. Rather the Reverse, reply'd he: There are no Poets but what are Rich, because they are always Contented. Excellent Philosophy, to which few Men attain! it should seem as if the Universe

Universe was only Created for them. The Fountains Entertain 'em ; The Meadows Divert 'em ; The Flowers Réjoice 'em ; The Trees Refresh 'em. They take a Pleasure in every thing ; the only true Riches, to which all Men ought to aspire ! In fine, Poetry Delights and Instructs all those who are acquainted with it. But wherefore is it, *Preciosa*, that you ask me this Question ? Because, says she, imagining all or most Poets to be Poor, I was surpris'd to see a piece of Gold inclos'd in the Verses you gave me ; and for that Reason, I very much doubted whether you were the Author of 'em : However being now satisfied that you are no Poet, tho' a Lover of Poetry, It may be you are Rich ; tho' to tell you the Truth, I have some doubt on me as to that too ; for in short no Person that makes Verses, good or bad, knows how to preserve the Estate that's left him, or to acquire an Estate to leave to others ; at least this is what People say. I am not one of that Number, reply'd he : I make Verses, yet am neither Rich nor Poor ; In a Word, I can, without incommoding my self, or dis-counting it as the Citizens of *Genoa* do when they Treat their Guests, I can at any time give a Crown piece or two to whom I Please. Then presenting a Paper, he desir'd her to accept of it, and the Crown that was in it, without troubling her self, whether

he was a Poet or no; adding, I only beg
you wou'd be perswaded that he who makes
you this Present, wishes he were Master
of the Wealth of *Midas*; that he might lay
it at your Feet. With that he gave her a
Paper: *Preciosa* feeling it and finding there
was a Crown-piece within it; this Paper,
says she, is like to Live many Years, because
it is endu'd with two Souls; that of the
Crown, and that of the *Verses*; which always
come well-fraught with Souls and Hearts;
but let me tell you, I don't care for so many of
'em together; if you will not with-draw the
one, I shall not meddle with the other; as a
Maker of *Verses* I accept of you, but not as
a Maker of *Presents*. I will have none of
your Crowns; that wou'd be the World
turn'd upside down; it is for Poets to Re-
ceive and not to Give. Take back your
Money, and thereby we shall make a lasting
Friendship; because, be it never so strong,
it may sooner want a Crown, than a Copy
of Verses. Since you will have it so, re-
ply'd the Young Man, and I must be Poor,
whether I will or no, I'll take it and Re-
ligiously preserve it all my Life, for having
toucht your fair Hands. *Preciosa* according-
ly gave it him, and kept the Verses her-
self; but wou'd not Read them in the
Street. The young Man retir'd, extreamly
well satisfied with the Thought that the
Fair Gypsy had a Regard for him; be-
cause

cause she had talkt to him with so much Familiarity. ^{ad eisibus, hoc ad h'c'w nov.} ¹⁰ Preciosa's Design being to find out Andrew's Lodging as soon as possible; She did not stop any where to Dance, but quickly got into the Street where she wish'd to be; and casting up her Eyes on all Sides, at length she perceiv'd a fine gilt Iron-work Balcony, according to the Description Andrew had giv'n her: There was standing at it a Cavalier of about Fifty Years of Age, bearing a Red Cross on his Habit; by which Mark, and his grave Presence, she easily judg'd him to be some considerable Person. ¹¹ They Moment he perceiv'd the Little Gypsie, she cried out to bid 'em come up, and that they should be gratified to their Content. ¹² Upon hearing this, Three more Cavaliers repair'd to the Balcony, and among 'em Andrew, who could not forbear changing Colour several times; so great was his Surprize, occasion'd by the Sight of his deat Preciosa. ¹³ All the Gypsies went up, except the Old Woman, who staid below to inform her self by the Servants concerning Andrew's Circumstances. As the young Gypsies were entring into a Hall where the Company was, neither ancient Cavalier could but forbear saying to the rest, This yonge Girl (pointing to Preciosa) is doubtles the Pretty Gypsie, who makes so much Noise, and of whom so many Wonders

ders are reported. The same, (cry'd Andrew) and without exaggerating, the most beautiful Creature the World ever saw! So they say who flatter me, reply'd Preciosa, (over-hearing 'em) but People must needs have very bad Eyes, or else be mistaken in one half of the just Price. By the Life of my Boy Joanico, (reply'd the Old Gentleman) thou art a thousand times handsomer than they represented thee, and yet my Sight is pretty good too, thank God. And who, pray, is this Joanico you speak of? said Preciosa. 'Tis the young Spark thou seest at thy Elbow (said the Father, pointing to Andrew). In geod truth Sir, reply'd Preciosa, I thoughts you had sworne by the Life of some little Infant about two Years Old. Your Boy Joanico is a goodly Child, God bless him, and big enough for a Wife; it is high time he had one; and by certain Lines in his Forehead, before he's three Years Older he will have one, if he don't change his Mind. Why, art thou skill'd in Physiognomy, says one of the Gentlemen? What I see with my Eyes, reply'd she, I divine with my Finger. I know this of Don Joanico, without looking into his Hand, that he is something Amorous, a little Hasty, and very Jealous; a great promiser of things that seems impossible; and God grant he be not a Story-teller, which would be worse than all the rest; He will very suddenly undertake a long Voyage, but we don't always hit the Manks one

aim at: the Bay Horse thinks one thing, and he that Saddles him another: Man appoints, and God disappoints: Endeavouring to go over to * Onez, he may fall into the Hands of Gamboa. Really Child, answer'd Don John, thou hast hit on a great many Circumstances of my Condition, except that one relating to my Veracity; There you are very much out, for I value my self upon speaking Truth on all Occasions: As for the Voyage you mention, you Prophesie right, since 'tis certain within these four or five Days I shall set out for Flanders, notwithstanding you threaten me that I shall take another Road; And I would not for all the Treasures of the Indies, thy Predictions should prove true. Fear nothing, little Master, (reply'd Preciosa) only trust in God and all will go well; sure you don't imagine that every thing a Gypsie says, is to be taken Literally; we know no more of the matter than other People; we never speak but at random; no Wonder, when we discharge so many Bolts, we sometimes shoot true: I wish I could persuade you not to go your Journey at all; but to compose your Passions, and continue

* Onez y Gamboas, the Names of two Parties in Biscay, which stood in Competition many Years, till Suppreſ'd by King Henry IV. of Castile. Thence the Proverb, O Señor Onez o Gamboas, Be either of one side or t'other.

with your Parents, to give them a good Old Age, for I don't like these goings and comings to Flanders, especially in Persons of Your tender Years: Give your self time, to grow a little, that you may be able to bear the Toils of War; so much the rather, as having enough of That at Home; your Breast is sufficiently distract'd with Amorous Combats: Moderate the Disorders of your Mind, Look before you Leap, and give the poor Gypsies something as you are a Gentleman, for such I really believe you to be; and if besides this you are a true Man, I will sing Te Deum Laudamus. Thou speak'st very well (reply'd Don John, alias Andrew), and I thank thee for thy good Counsel, but I cannot help complaining of one thing; you still renew the Attack as to my Sincerity; you believe me to be a Lyar, whereas I hate the Vice, and think it unworthy of every Man, especially of one who makes Profession of Arms: The Promise I make in the Country, will I perform in the City, or where the Party pleases, without being importun'd. Promise therefore to give us something, reply'd she, 'tis better to give than to receive; He that gives to the Poor, puts his Mony into God's Purse, and only lends it to him who hath made both Rich and Poor. My Father, reply'd he, will give thee something; but in good truth, I cannot Happening to meet this Morning with some Ladies, as Flattering as they were.

Fair, especially one of them, I parted with all my Money amongst them, without taking their Bond for repayment. Let me dye, (says *Christina*, who was retir'd with two other Gypsies into a corner of the Hall where they sew'd their Mouths together, that they might not be heard,) let me dye if it be not the same Gentleman that gave us Money this Morning; but don't let us take any notice of him, unless he speaks to us first; perhaps there may be some Mystery in it. I don't think 'tis the same (reply'd one of the Gypsies) because he says he gave his Money to *Ladies*, and we are far from being such; besides, so sincere as he professes to be, 'tis not likely he would tell a Lie the next Moment, and without any Necessity. It is true, all Men are Liars, answer'd *Christina*, nor is it a Vice that stands 'em in much; but I don't think a Lie so great a Crime, if it tends not to any Person's Prejudice, but rather to the Advantage and Credit of him that speaks it. But this is no Concern of ours; for all their fine Compliments, I don't see we are like to get any thing here! They don't think of calling for a Dance.

By this time the Old Woman was come up, and running to *Preciosa*, bad her dispatch, 'twas late, there were a great many things to be done, and more to be said. Why what has God sent us, a Boy

or a Girl? said *Preciosa*. A Boy, says she, and the bravest Boy the Sun ever shone on! Hark ye *Preciosa*, one Word with you; Such News—. Pray God it don't dye in the Month, says *Preciosa*. All will go well, reply'd the Old Woman, the Mother has had a very good Time on't, the Sweetest Babe Any Lady of your Society brought to Bed, Pray? says Don John's Father. Yes Sir, answer'd the Old Gypsie; but 'tis so great a Secret, that no Body knows it, except *Preciosa*, my self, and one more; and we must not discover it. Prithee, don't frighten thy self, Old Woman, says one of the Gentlemen, we don't desire to know any of your By-blow Secrets; but she must needs have a happy time on't, that puts her Honour into such Hands as yours. Why, we an't all bad, answer'd *Preciosa* with a disdainful Air; neither are we perhaps the Women you take us for; there may be some among us who stand as much on their Honour, as the stateliest Spaniard in this Hall; come Mother let's be gone, we are mistaken in our Men as They in their Women; perhaps 'tis because we have Stole nothing. Don't be angry, *Preciosa*, said the Father, the Gentleman had only a Mind to be Merry, he has no Reason to suspect any ill thing of you; your Face is sufficient Security for your Actions. By the Mass thou shalt not go till thou hast

Danc'd with thy Companions : I have got
a Pistole for thee with two Heads ; neith-
er of which is like Thine, tho' they are
Crown'd ones. The Old Woman no soo-
ner heard this, but, Come Girls, says she,
Uptails all ; away with it, and give the
Gentlemen content. *Preciosa* had no need to
be bid twice ; so taking her Tabour in
Hand, the Gypsies fell to't immediately,
and whim'd it off with a frisk and a bound,
and a trip from the ground. In short,
they danc'd so very well, especially *Precio-
sa*, that their Feet ran away with the
Eyes of all the Beholders : Andrew especi-
ally had his so fix'd between *Preciosa's*, as if
it had been the Centre of his Happiness ;
but his Joy was soon disturb'd by a little
Accident which fell out when they had
done dancing. *Preciosa* chanc'd to let fall
the Paper of Verses the young Page had
given her ; it was presently taken up by the
Gentleman that had the ill Opinion of the
Gypsies, who opening it, what have we
here, said he, a *Madrigal* ? even so, and a
pretty good one too, if the end answers
the beginning ; come, well hear what it
says, since the Gypsies have giv'n o'er
Dancing. *Preciosa* could have wish'd with
all her Soul he would have return'd it to
her without reading, because she did not
know what it might contain ; but all her
Endeavours to get it out of his Hand,
were

were as so much Oyl that inflam'd Andrew's Desire to hear it Read ; and Read it was with a loud Voice by the Gentleman who took it up : the Lines were these,

*Quando Preciosa el panderete toca,
Hiere, &c.*

On PRECIOSA.

*When her soft Touch the Lute commands,
Or wounds the Air her Song :
'Tis Pearl, she scatters with her Hands ;
And Rose, with her Tongue.*

II.

*Wisdom she holds in sweet suspence,
Nor fears it from her Sight ;
The Soul is captive made to Sense,
And Gravity grows light.*

III.

*Her two bright Suns, the World at once
Illuminate and Blind ;
Cupid his Empire do's renounce,
And S H E rules all Mankind.*

Upon my Soul, cry'd the Gentleman that read the Sonnet, whoever writ this, was no ill Poet. He is no Poet, Sir, says Preciosa, but a very pretty young Gentleman and of a good Estate. + Ah, heedless Man !

† The Author Speaks.

What

" What has thy Rashness done? Thy every
 " Word's a Stab to *Andrew's* Heart. Turn
 " thee, and glut thy Eyes with thy Tongue's
 " Mischief. In the cold Arms of Death
 " behold him fainting! Yet if thy cruel
 " Breast knows ought of Pity, Fly, and
 " with gentle Whispers call back Life; And
 " heal with balmy Words his wounded
 " Soul. No, rather every Day procure
 " new Sonnets in Honour of thy Charms:
 " Let *Andrew* hear 'em; Loud as the Thun-
 " der sound 'em in his Ears; Then to com-
 " pleat his Ruin, Praise thy Praiser!

So said, so done; every Word of the
 Song was a Sword in *Andrew's* Heart, from
 the first Verse to the last; a Thousand
 jealous Transports siez'd him; but when
 he heard *Preciosa's* Commendation of the
 Donor, he sweat Blood and Water; and
 being no longer able to hold out, drop'd
 down upon the Floor Speechless; which
 alarm'd all the Company, especially his
 Father, who lov'd him with the utmost
 tenderness. Fear nothing, says *Preciosa*,
 stay a little, and let me speak some certain
 Words over him, and you'll see he'll soon
 recover; I have an infallible Remedy
 against these sort of Fits. So taking him by
 the Hand, and without seeming to move
 her Lips, but speaking as low as possible,
 You're a stout Man indeed, says she, to
 make a Gypsie of! How canst thou ever

bear

bear the torment of a Rack, that canst not endure this of a Paper? After which she made half a Dozen Croffes on his Breast and left him. Andrew in a Moment began to breathe again, and declar'd that the Little Gypsie's Words (whatever they were) had done him good. Upon this, the Pistole with two Heads was given her, and she told the rest of her Companions it should be chang'd and share'd honourably among 'em. Andrew's Father stopping Pre-tissa, would not let her go till she had left in writing the Charm she had pronounc'd upon his Son, that he might make use of it upon occasion. The Little Gypsie was something surpriz'd, but making a Virtue of Necessity, answer'd, she would do't with all her Heart; adding, that tho' it might seem Jargon to them, yet as ridiculous as it was, it had a singular Virtue against Qualms, Fits of the Mother, Swimmings in the Head, and the like. The Words were these she told 'em,

Cabezito, Cabezito, *ayal red doot givony*
La pacientia te bendita, *ecel ell modw*

Prithee don't distract my Brain, *et euouglung*

That pretty little Pericane; *and i found*

Subject to Monthly Revolution, *every id of*

Hurt by Cunabular Contusion: *ben mulfid*

Let not the Hippo Wontanize ye, *ben mulfid*

Things you'll see that will surprise ye. *T. 139*

According to the Star's Appearance,
You'll reap the Fruit of Perseverance ;
In the mean time, may God that made ye,
And Christopher the Gyant, aid ye !

A few of these Words pronounc'd with a good Intention (adds she) and a strong Belief, together with half a dozen Crosses upon the left side of the Patient, will make him colour like an Apple. The Old Woman who was in terrible Fear, lest *Preciosa* should have fal'n into some Confusion upon this Accident, was no less surpriz'd, tho' more agreeably, at the extempore Thought of the Girl; but *Andrew* was much more so, when he saw that it was all the Invention of her ready Wit.

The Gypsies after this, pack'd up their Awls to be gone; but *Preciosa* left the Song in his Hands who read it; to avoid giving *Andrew* any occasion of Relapse; for by what had happen'd, she saw that Jealousie was a most dreadful thing, and it had been great Imprudence to have carry'd it away with her. The last Man that *Preciosa* took her leave of, was *Don John*, to whom she said with an agreeable Smile, Remember, Sir, every Day of this Week will be prosperous to undertake a Journey upon, Not any one of them unlucky; make what haste you can to be gone, for if you love to live at large, in Freedom and Pleasure, such a Life you may expect. The Life of a Soldier in my Opini-

on,

on, answer'd *Don John*, is not so free, but that it has more in it of Subjection than Liberty; but come what will come, I'll see the worst on't. You'll see more than you imagine, reply'd *Preciosa*, and in the mean time all Happiness attend you. Render not your self unworthy, by your Negligence, of the Felicity and Glory that is laid up for you; but concurr with Heav'n which Favours you, and make your self the most fortunate of Men.

These Words, gave *Don John* infinite Delight; The Gypsy had spoken them without Equivocation: And 'twas with difficulty he conceal'd his Satisfaction. Every Body was very well content, and especially the Gypsies, who soon afterwards made a Dividend of the Pistole, according to their ancient Practice; that is to say, the Old Woman reserv'd half for her self, and a Portion of the other half, as well upon account of her Seniority in Years, as because she was the Compass they steer'd by in the great Sea of their Dances, their Juggling Tricks, Witty Contrivances, and fly Impositions. They were no sooner gone, but the Amorous *Don John*, who felt but little Joy without *Preciosa*, began in good earnest to set about the Design he had form'd of Entring among the Gypsies, to render himself by that Sacrifice, worthy of Possessing his Lovely *Preciosa*. At length came the Day, that he had Promis'd to meet

'em, and accordingly he repair'd to the Place of Appointment ; all alone, on a hire'd Mule. *Preciosa* and the Old Woman did not fail to be there, and receiv'd him with a thousand Expressions of true Affection. He desir'd 'em to Conduct him immediately into their Quarters before it was broad Day, for fear of being Discover'd by any Foot-steps, (if he shou'd chance to be pursued) which wou'd be the greatest Misfortune that cou'd befall him. So they all three turn'd about, and soon reacht the rest of the Company ; who were encamp'd under some Barracks cover'd with Leaves. *Andrew* was carried to one of the best and largest, where he was imediately attended by Ten or Twelve Male Gypsies, all Jolly handsome young Fellows, to whom the Old Woman had given an Account of their new Companion before-hand, without being oblig'd to enjoyn 'em Secresie ; because, as has been said, Their Fidelity to one another is without Example. These Merry Blades had their Eyes as soon on the *Mule* as the *Master*, and one of 'em immedately Said, There's no Impertinence in this *Mule*, she'll soon meet with a Chapman ; we'll sell her next *Thursday* at *Toledo*. That must not be, reply'd *Andrew*, she's a Hire'd *Mule*, and there's ne'er a Rascal of a Jockey in all *Spain*, but knows this sort of Cattle which are hackney'd all over the Country. My Interest

is too much at Stake to have her Discover'd. By G——d, Signior *Andrew*, replyes one of 'em briskly, tho' the Beast had more Signs and Tokens on her, than are to preceed the Day of Judgement, I will so Transform her, that neither the Dam that brought her into the World, nor the Master who bred her, shall ever know her again. No matter for that, said *Andrew*, I desire you wou'd let me have my Will the first Time: This Mule must Suffer present Death, and be Buried so deep that the very Bones of her may never appear. O sad! reply'd one of the Gypsies, and what has the Poor Creature done? are the Innocent to be thus Destroy'd? Who has made *Us* her Executioners? Do such Crimes go unpunished? Pray be more Mercyful, and let not this poor Beast give you any Disturbance: View her well; observe her narrowly; imprint in your Memory all the Marks that are upon her, from Head to Tail; then leave her to me; and if in this Time two Hours you know her again, may I be basted like a run-away Negro; 'tis not the first Time I've Metamorphiz'd a Mule. I dont doubt it in the least, said *Andrew*; yet will I not consent to let her Live, tho' you cou'd transform her never so much; the Dye is cast; you may talk and promise what you please; Safe's the Word, and I'm resolv'd to provide for my own Security: For after all, who can tell

but there are others as cunning as you, who may have the Secret to restore her to her former Shape? No, no, the Wise never run such risques: But I perceive where the Shoe pinches; if this Mule Dyes, as Dye she shall, why then she will never be sold; and if she's never sold, you can't lick your fingers with the Profits of her: This is your Grievance; this is what raises your Compassion, and fills you with such Moral Reflections. Come, come, you shall lose nothing by it, my good Friends and Companions; never fear; I am not come among you so bare, but I can pay my Entrance above four Times the value of this Mule. I say, let her Dye, (cry'd another Gypsie of a sudden, and as loud as he cou'd Bawl,) she *must* Dye sooner or later; we shan't be the first Judges that have condemn'd the Innocent for Money; though it grieves my Heart, God knows, as well upon account of her Youth, the Mark not being yet out of her Mouth, (a rare thing in hir'd Mules,) as because she must needs be a willing Tit; I dont see any Spur-galls in her Flank. Every Body concurring that it was not good Politicks to let the Mule live (tho' they might make Money of her,) it was resolv'd to defer Execution till Night, and employ the remainder of the Day in the Ceremonies of *Andrew's* Admission, which was done in this Manner.

They

They first and foremost empty'd one of the best Huts, of every thing that was in it; They adorn'd it with Boughs and Rushes: When the Hut was ready, they feated the new Gypsie on a piece of Cork-Tree, and put into his hand a Hammer and a pair of Pincers; two Gypsie-men taking up their Guitars fell to playing on 'em, and made him cut a couple of Capers to the sound of the Instruments; after this, they stript one of his Arms up to the Shoulder, and with a new Silk Ribbon and a little packing-stick, they bound it twice round pretty tight; but without hurting him. All this was perform'd in the presence of *Preciosa*, and many more of her Sex both Old and Young; some looking on him with Wonder and others with Love, such was the Agreeable Air and Gracefull Mien of *Andrew*. These and the like Ceremonies being over, the oldest Man of the Company taking *Preciosa* by the hand, went and plac't himself with her, just before the young Knight, to whom he made the following Speech.

This Girl, who is the Flower and Cream of all the Gypsies in Spain, we deliver to thee; either for a Wife or Mistress, as you shall think fit. 'Tis the peculiar Privilege of our Life, to be exempt from the Niceties and Troublesome Ceremonies to which the rest of Mankind are Subject, when they enter into any Engagement. Look therefore on Preciosa; view her with at-

rention ; and see if she be agreeable to you, or whether she has any Fault that may dissatisfy you ; and in case you find any, cast your Eyes round the Company, take your Choice ; and to whom thou giv'st the Apple, Her shalt thou have : But know this, that when you have fixt on One, you must not leave her for another ; you must abide by your Election, and be Content with your Destiny : The Laws of Friendship we inviolably keep ; no Man covets what another possesses ; and thus 'tis we live always free from the Plague of Jealousie. Tho' there may be much Incest among us, we allow of no Adultery ; and if ever we detect any of our Women or find 'em guilty in this respect, whether she be actually a Wife, or a Friend in the nature of a Wife, we give her no quarter. Don't think that we have recourse to the Law, no, we do Justice our selves ; we are their Judges and their Executives : With the same ease we knock 'em o' th' head, and bury 'em in the Mountains and Desarts, as we wou'd a mad Dog, or a wild Beast. Nor is there any satisfaction demanded, nor any account of their Death requir'd at our hands ; not even by those who brought 'em into the World. It is this Teravour and this Apprehension that retains 'em within the bounds of Chastity ; to which we owe our perfect security in this particular. There is nothing that we don't possess in common, except another Man's Wife, or the Mistress of his Choice ; it being one of our most sacred Rules, that such a One is Incommunicable, and ought

ought solely to be his to whose Lot she is fall'n.
Nothing but Death or old Age, can seperate those
whom Matrimony or Love has joyn'd together:
In case there be too great a disproportion in Years,
'tis Lawfull to give a Letter of Divorce to an
old Woman, and to chuse another more agreeable
to our Taste. With these Laws and Statutes and
others of the like Nature, we Preserve our selves
and pass our Days in Happyness: We are Lords
of the Plains, Plough'd Fields, Forrests, Hills and
Rivers. The Mountains find us in Wood, the
Trees give us their Fruits, the Vines their Grapes,
the Gardens their Pot-Herbs: The Fountains
furnish us with Water, the Rivers with Fish,
the Parks with Flesh: On the Rocks we cool us,
in the Clefs we shade us, and in Caverns we
have House-Room for Nothing. To us the in-
clemencie of the Weather is an Airing, the Snow
is our Refreshment, our Bagnio is the Rain,
Thunder our Musick, and Lightning our Illumi-
nation. To us the hardest Terrace is a Quilt of
Down; the Tann'd hide of our Bodies is an Im-
penetrable Armour. To our Activity, Fetters are no
restraint, Bogs no hindrance, nor Stone-Walls
any Defence. Our Courage is not Choak'd with
Halters, nor broke by the Wheel, nor drown'd
with Water, nor tame'd by Tenter-hooks. Be-
tween Ay and No, We never distinguish when
we find it necessary. We may be sometimes
Martyrs, but never Confessors. For us, Beasts
of Burden are rear'd in the Country, and Purse's
fill'd in the City: There is no Eagle or other

Bird of Rapine, more swiftly darts on the prey
that offers, than we do upon all Occasions, where
our Interest points the Game. And to Conclude, we
have it always in our Power to be Happy, for
when we're Cage'd We Sing, and are silent when
Tortur'd. By Day we do some little Work for
Countenance ; by Night we steal all we can for
Sustenance ; or to use a better Phrase, We teach
People to take care where they put their Goods.
We are not Tormented with the fear of losing our
Honour, nor gnawn with the Ambition of in-
creasing it ; We do not support Factions, nor
break our Rest to deliver in Memorials ; or to at-
tend great Lords, or to sollicite any Favours.
Our Palaces are these portable Pavilions ; nor is
there any thing comparable to the Ornaments of
these Moveable Houses. Instead of fine Pictures
and Artfull Landskips, We enjoy the Beauties
which Nature herself displays. These High-
archt Rocks, these Snow-white Cliffs, these
Carpet-fields, these enamell'd Meadows, these
venerable Woods, are far beyond the guilt Cielings
and sumptuous Furniture, invented by the ridi-
culous Pride and Effeminate Softness of Mankind.

We are Country Astrologers ; because lying un-
der the Canopy of Heaven at all Hours, we know
those of the Day, and those of the Night : We
see how the Stars are coop'd up in a Cor-
ner, and Dissipated by Aurora ; and how she
comes forth with her Companion the Dawn,
sweetning the Air, cooling the Water, moistning
the Earth : And next to them the Sun, gilding
the

the tops, and painting the Skirts of the Mountains, (as the Poets Phrase it:) Neither do we fear being frozen by his Absence, nor broil'd by his more immediate Presence. We turn the same Face to the Sun as to the Snow; to Barrenness as to Abundance; In short, we are a People who pick up a living by our Beak and Talons. Our Industry is our Plough; our Estate from Hand to Mouth; taken up with the present, without troubling our selves for the future; we look upon all things with Indifference, and resign our selves to our Stars; avoiding (as the old Proverb says) the Church, the Sea, and the Court. We possess what we Desire, and are content with what we possess. I have larg'd on this Subject, that you might not be Ignorant what Life 'tis you're to lead. I have only scrawl'd out a foul Draught of it in haste; but with Time you'll discover several other things, which will be no-less worthy of consideration than those you have heard.

Having said this, the Old Eloquent Gypsie sat him down, and the Novice answer'd, " That he was so extreamly well pleas'd with the many sage Constitutions he had mention'd, all founded on right Reason and excellent Politicks, that nothing troubl'd him but his not having sooner come to the Knowledge of so agreeable a Life; that he renounc'd from thenceforward the Profession of Knighthood; that he submitted with his whole Heart to their Laws; that he would ob-

" observe them religiously ; that he
" should never think he did too much for
" them, since they had given to his Desires
" so high a Recompence as the Divine
" Preciosa ; for whose sake he would quit
" all the Crowns and Empires in the World ;
" or if he was Master of them, would con-
" secrate them to her Service. Upon which
Preciosa broke silence, If these Gentlemen our
Legislators, says she, have found by their Laws
that I am Yours, and as such have deliver'd me
to you, I have found by the Law of my Will,
which is the strongest of all, that I cannot be
yours, but upon those Conditions which were
agreed on before you came hither. Two Years
you must live in our Company before you can
enjoy Mine, that You may have no Cause to ac-
cuse your self of Rashness, nor I run the risk
of being abus'd by over-hastiness. Laws must
give way to Contracts. What I've impos'd, you
know ; which if you keep, I may be one Day
yours and you mine. 'Tis a tedious Trial, but
necessary. It belongs to you to determine your
self ; 'tis still in your Power to accept the Con-
dition, or to reject it, if it seem too hard. You
are as yet free, your Mule is not dead, your
Cloaths are intire, nor is there a Farthing want-
ing of your Money. You have not been absent a
Day ; the remainder you may employ in consider-
ing what is fitting for you to do ; but you shall not
possess me upon any other Terms. If these Rulers
could give thee my Body, they cannot my Soul,
which

which is free, was born free, and shall be free so long as I please. If thou stayst with us, I shall hold thee in much Esteem; if thou return'st, I shall hold thee in no less. For, to do every Body Justice, there's a great deal to be said for and against this Enterprise. But what should I do? I am Nice upon the matter, 'tis true; but you ought not to disapprove this Nicety, if you have a real Affection. All Passions are violent, as I've said before, especially Love, which runs full Gullip till it meets with Reasons or better Information: I don't desire you should deal by me like a Hunter, who when he has caught the Hare he purs'd, leaves it to follow another that flys him: Some Eyes are so deceiv'd, they take Tinsel for Gold; but in a little time, they perceive the Difference there is between Truth and Falshood. This Beauty which you say I'm endu'd with, and which you prize above the Sun, and value above Gold; may, if you come near it, appear dark, or fall into meer Alchymy. Two Years I give you, that you may weigh and consider what it may be proper for you to do, or reasonable to refuse: In treating for such Merchandise as nothing but Death can rid us of, the Purchaser ought to have Time, and a great deal too to view it and review it, in order to find out the Faults or the Goodness of it: For I don't govern my self by the insolent and barbarous Liberty, which these my Kinsfolks have assum'd to themselves of leaving their Wives, or Chastising them when they

they shall take a fancy to't : And as on the one side, I don't intend to do any thing that may call for Punishment, so neither do I desire to take part with such Company as shall cast me off for their Pleasure. 'Tis true, there are some Married People who love one another till Death ; there are eternal Friendships ; but it must be own'd at the same time that they are only durable, as they are founded upon Esteem : Love alone can never effect it. I desire to love thee, I desire you shou'd love me ; but I desire we shou'd love each other in proportion as we shall find our selves worthy of being belov'd ; and we must necessarily know one another before we can arrive to That : Let us love rationally, or let us part for ever. No Preciosa, we'll never part, replys Andrew of a sudden, I resign my self intirely to you ; and the Condition you lay on me, were it a thousand times more grievous, I would undergo ; there's no manner of Security but I am ready to give thee, nor any Oath that I will not take, never to resist thy Will one Moment of my Life. The Oaths and Promises that are made by a Slave to obtain his Liberty, are seldom perform'd when his Chain is broken (says Preciosa.) It's the same with Lovers ; To enjoy what they Desire, they'll promise the most impossible things ; the Wings of Mercury, and the Thunder-bolts of Jupiter, as once a certain Poet promis'd me, and swore by the Stygian Lake. Every one promises according to his Hopes. I neither desire Oaths nor Promises,

Senior Andrew, but refer all to the Time of Tryal ; and will take my own Guard on my self whenever you shall offend me. I obey, said Andrew, I obey most gladly : The only thing that I shall desire of these Gentlemen my Companions, is, that for the space of one Month it may be permitted me not to Steal any thing ; Such a time of Indulgence, methinks, is necessary to form me to a Trade I understand not, and upon which it is fitting I shou'd have some Instructions.

Never trouble your self for that, Son Andrew, said the old Gypsie, We'll soon make thee Master of thy Craft, which will give thee so much Pleasure, thou'l be ready to eat thy Fingers after it : for in short, Can there be conceiv'd in this Life any thing so sweet as to enjoy what others sweat for, without any toil of our own ? To go forth in the Morning empty-handed, and to return Home in the Night loaded and full ————— Of Stripes, said Andrew, as to my Knowledge it has often happen'd to some of ye.

There's no taking of Trouts with dry Breeches, reply'd the Gypsie, All things in this Life are subject to Trouble and Danger ; He that Games must lose sometimes ; The Merchant is not always Lucky ; Every Profession has its Perils ; nor is that of a Thief exempt ; but the Good of it swallows up the Bad : It sometimes leads to the Gibbet ; but it commonly brings Profusion and Ease. The Misfortune of one single Man ought not to discourage all others. Because one Ship meets with

with a Tempest and is cast away, must that binder others from putting to Sea and prosecuting their Voyage? Wou'd it not be a good Fest, for Soldiers to renounce War, because it devours Men and Horses, and they oftner meet with Death or broken Bones than Preferment or Recompence? Shall we stand with our Hands in our Pockets and live in a state of criminal Idleness, because some among us cou'd not escape the Gallies or the Whipping-post? We are sometimes chaffis'd, and pray what Order of Men is there in the World that never are? There's no dying twice, Friend Andrew, and the first Moment a Man's defunct, his Wants are reliev'd. As for tugging at the Oar, or being burnt in the Shoulder, 'tis meer Fiddle-faddle; the One we look upon as our Battalion of Command, and the other our Coat of Arms. Son Andrew, only Repose your self under our Wings, and in time (like the Eagle) we will teach thee to fly so well, that thou shalt never return without Prey, nor ever better satisfied than when thou hast taken some booty. I am willing to believe it, said Andrew; but be it as 'twill, I have good Reasons not to give my self this Pleasure so soon, and you must dispense with me for the time I have desir'd. Yet as it is not just that any Body shou'd be a loser upon my Account, I shall distribute 200 Crowns in Gold among the Company to be divided in a Brotherly manner; thereby to make amends for the Thefts, which, during that time, I might have made. The Word

Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but he was surrounded by all the Men, who lifting him up upon their Shoulders, carry'd him as it were in Triumph with Huzzas and Shouts of Joy, *Victoria, Victoria, long Live the Great Andrew and his beloved Mistress.* The Women did the same with *Preciosa*; They all gave Marks of general Satisfaction. Only *Christina* and Two or Three more of her Companions were inwardly mortify'd; for in short, Envy creeps into every Corner, as well into the Huts of *Barbarians* and the Cottages of *Shepherds*, as into the Palaces of *Kings*.

This done, they fell to Feasting; the promis'd Sum was equitably and justly divided; the praises of *Andrew* renew'd, and the Beauty of *Preciosa* extol'd to the Skies. When Night came, they knock'd the Mule o' th' Head, and laid her so low, that *Andrew* was out of all Fear of ever being discover'd. Together with the Body they interr'd all the Accoutrements, as the Saddle, the Bridle, and Girths; after the manner of the *Indians*, who bury with the Dead all their precious Jewels, and richest Ornaments. *Andrew* was mightily surpriz'd at the things he had seen and heard. He admir'd in himself the Wit of the Gypsies; yet he determin'd to pursue his own Design, without partaking of their Vices or Mingling with their Manners. Thieving
he

he thought so base and so unworthy a thing that he lookt upon it with Horror, and he knew very well he had the Means in his Hands to excuse himself at any Time to his Companions, or at least to deceive 'em by the help of Money.

The next day, *Andrew* desir'd 'em to change their Quarters and to remove further from *Madrid*, for fear he shou'd be known in that Country; they told him, they had already determin'd to march towards the Mountains of *Toledo*, and to forrage all the Land round about. Accordingly they decamp't the day after and presented *Andrew* with a Mare-Colt, which he refus'd; and went a-foot like a Lackey, walking by the side of his charming Mistress, who rid upon another. She, the most satisfy'd Creature in the World, to see how she triumph'd over her Gallant Squire, and He no less Happy to be near the Person of her whom he had made the Lady of his Will. Oh the wonderful force of Love! Thou sweet God of Bitterness! (a Title giv'n thee by Our Idleness and Supineness) How really dost thou inslave us? and with what disrespect dost thou treat us? Here's a Knight, a young Gentleman endu'd with Wit and Sense, brought up almost all his Life at Court; yesterday the Delight of his wealthy Parents, and to day behold him metamorphis'd in the strangest Manner! He has deceiv'd

deceiv'd his Servants and Friends, disappointed their hope who gave him Life; quitting the road of Flanders where he was to Exercise his Valour, and increase the Glory of his Family, to come and prostrate himself at the feet of a Gypsie!

In four Days they were got to a little Village within two leagues of Toledo, where they pitcht their Tents, having first put into the Commissary's hand (who presid'd in that Territory) some pieces of Plate, by way of Assurance that they wou'd not Steal any thing in the purlieu of his Jurisdiction.

After this, all the old Gypsies, Men and Women, and some of the young Ones, spread themselves on all sides within four or five leagues of the place, where they had set up their Standard. Andrew went along with two or three of the Men to take the first Lessons of his Trade; but tho' they gave him a good many in this Walk, he did not much trouble himself about rememb'reng 'em, being resolv'd whatever shou'd happen, never to put them in Practice; On the contrary his Soul was shock't at sight of the least Robbery, and he more than once paid with his own Money the Thefts his Comrades had committed, his Heart not being able to hold out against the Tears of infinite numbers of poor Wretches, who very often lost ev'n their Wearing-apparel.

One may well suppose the Gypsies did not relish these Methods of their New-Comer. This occasion'd a sort of a Reprimand ; and in Fact 'twas no less than a Breach of their Laws and Statutes, which prohibited the Entrance of Charity into their Breasts ; otherwise there was an End of their Common-wealth, and their Trade wou'd be worth nothing, if every Body follow'd his Example. *Andrew* cou'd not Say against it. He promis't he wou'd Act like the Rest, but declar'd at the same Time he wou'd do his business Alone, and without any Body's Company whatever ; because, he told 'em, he had Cunning enough to escape Danger, nor did he want Courage to encounter it ; that it was reasonable, He who made any Prize shou'd have the Glory and Reward of it to himself ; as He ought to bear the Confusion and Punishment of it, who shou'd happen to be surpriz'd and to miss of his Aim. The Gypsies endeavour'd to dissuade him from this Resolution, by telling him that a Thousand unforeseen Accidents might happen, wherein Company wou'd be necessary, as well to Offend as Defend ; and that a single Person cou'd never perform any very considerable Action. For all this, *Andrew* told 'em, he was resolv'd to Rob single ; his design being to separate himself from the Gang, and with his Money to buy something which he might say he had

Stol'n,

Stol'n, and by this means charge his Conscience with the lighter Burthen. Using this Stratagem ; in less than a Month, he brought more profit to the Company, than any four of the ablest Thieves of 'em all ; which was no small Pleasure to *Preciosa*, seeing her Lover so dexterous and forward at his Busyness : Yet still she was fearfull least some Misfortune might befall him, for she wou'd not have him in Disgrace for all the Treasure of *Venice*, so far had his many Services and Civilities oblig'd her.

The Gypsies were little more than a Month in the Neighbourhood of *Toledo*, where they made a good Harvest, tho' 'twas Fall o' th' Leaf for *Andrew*. From thence they past into *Extremadura*, it being a Rich and Warm Country. Never were Lovers better satisfied than were *Andrew* and *Preciosa* in this Expedition. *Andrew* Said a Thousand tender things to his Mistress ; who by little and little grew enamour'd with the discretion and good carriage of her Lover ; and his Affection in like manner continu'd encreasing (if 'twas possible to increase), such was the Prudence, Virtue, and Beauty of his *Preciosa*.

In every place thro' which they pass'd, *Andrew* bore away the prize and won all the Wagers as the best Runner and Leaper of any other ; he play'd at Nine-pines and Cricket extremely well ; he threw the Bar-

with much Strength and singular dexterity. To conclude, his Fame soon flew all over *Extremadura*, insomuch that he was spoken of as a Prodigy: *Preciosa's* Beauty made no less Noise, than the admirable Qualities of *Andrew*; and there was no City, Town, or Village, to which they were not invited on the Publick Holy-days, or other Particular Merry-makings.

In this manner the Colony grew rich, prosperous and contented; and the Lovers happy only in looking upon one another.

It fell out soon after, that the Company having planted their Tents under some Oak Trees which were at a distance from the Road, one Night (about Midnight) they heard their Dogs Bark more violently than usual: Some of the Men went out, and with them *Andrew*, to see what was the occasion of it, and they found a young Man cloath'd in White, defending himself as well as he cou'd from those Animals, who had fall'n upon him, and fastned on one of his Legs. They soon made the Dogs quit their hold, and one of the Gypsies spoke to him after this Manner, Who in the Devil's Name art thou? and what has brought thee hither with a Horse-pox, at such an Hour, and so much out of the Way; To find something before it be lost, I warrant? if so, thou art in the wrong Box, old Boy. I am not come to Steal any thing, reply'd

the

the young Man, neither do I know whether I'm in or out of the Way, but this I know that I'm in no very good Way. All that I desire of you for the present, is to tell me if there be any Inn hereabouts, or other Place of Entertainment, where I may retire and get my Wounds drest which your Dogs have giv'n me. There's no Inn nor any thing like it nigh this Place (replies Andrew) but as for dressing your Wounds, and reposing your self for this Night, we will accommodate you; Come along with us; for tho' we are Gypsies, we are not so Wicked as we are Black. God return your Charity, answer'd the Unknown; carry me where you will; for the Pain which I feel is so very great I cannot walk a Step. Upon this, Andrew and another Gypsie took and carried him into one of their Tents. For even among Demoniacs there are some worse than others; and among many wicked Men there often happens to be one good One. So between them Two they carried him: The Moon shone bright, and they perceiv'd that he was a handsome well-made Youth, tho' equipt odly enough, being drest in white Linnen like a sort of a Frock girded about his Reins. The Pavilion they carried him to was Andrew's; They soon struck a Light and kindl'd a Fire, and Preciosa's Grand-mother being sent for, presently came; she took some of the Dogs
Hairs

Hairs that bit him, fry'd 'em in Oyl, and after she had wash'd the Wound with a little Wine, she apply'd the fricassee'd Hair ; and upon it a little green Rosemary she had chew'd in her Mouth : Having bound up his Leg with a few Clean Rags, she Bless'd the Wounds and made some signs of the Cross. While they were dressing him, *Preciosa* who was present look'd on him very earnestly and he did the same by her ; nor did *Andrew* fail to observe the Attention with which the young Man ey'd her ; but he did not take any exception at it, thinking it a thing impossible to happen otherwise ; for who (says he to himself) can once have seen *Preciosa* and cease looking on her ? With this they left the Youth alone to repose himself on a wad of dry Hay, and *Preciosa* taking *Andrew* aside, ask'd him if he did not remember a Paper she let fall in his House, as she was Dancing with her Companions ? *Andrew* answer'd, he remembred it very well ; that 'twas a Song in her Praise and no ill one. He that made it (reply'd she) is this young Man that we just now left : I am sure 'tis the very Same, for he spoke to me in Madrid two or three Times, and gave me an Ode which was much better than the Song : He was dress'd then like a Page, not like one of the Ordinary sort ; but like a Page of Honour to some Prince. I must needs say, *Andrew*,

(con-

tinuer's he) He's a very ingenious young Gentleman, talks well, has Education, and to my knowledge a great deal of Merit; but I cannot imagine what he means by coming hither and in such a dress. What can you imagine else, says *Andrew*; but that the same Constellation which transform'd me to a *Gypsie*, has turn'd him into a *Miller*, and put him upon searching for thee? Ah *Preciosa*, *Preciosa*, (continu'd he) I perceive thou art like the rest of thy Sex, who love to make Conquests and to have more Slaves than One. This *Spark* is not come hither without some Mystery; and thou hast said too much, not to be discover'd, that thy Heart is capable of being Divided; if so, make an end of *Me* first, and afterwards destroy this new Lover: Do not Sacrifice us both together at the Altar of thy *Deceitfulness*, not to say of thy *Beauty*. How ingenious People are at making themselves unhappy when they are Jealous? (cry'd *Preciosa* in some disorder) and how unfortunate is a Woman, when she meets with a Lover of thy Character! on how slender a *Thread* dost thou hang thy *Hopes* and my *Reputation*! since with so much ease thy Soul is penetrated with the cruel Sword of *Jealousie*? Tell me, *Andrew*, if there had been any Artifice or Deceit in all this, could I not have kept Silence and conceal'd my Knowledge of this Youth? You suspect my Sincerity,

cerity; you accuse me of Affectation and Inconstancy; and upon what Foundation? upon a Confession which ought rather to convince you of my Innocence and of the Respect I have for you? What Design could I have in making you my Confidant, if there was any Mystery in the Matter? I conjure thee, *Andrew*, to rest satisfy'd till to morrow Morning, when thou may'st examine him thy self. It will be no difficult thing for you to learn whither he's going, and whence he comes, and the Reason of his Disguise. He will, no doubt, answer you; and whatever he says, for your greater Satisfaction, order him immediately to depart. You are obey'd by our whole Society, nor will any one, contrary to your desire, retain him in his Tent; and, tho' they shou'd, be perswaded he shall never see my Face; I will avoid his Conversation, I will fly from him and from all others whom thou shalt forbid me the Sight of. Know, *Andrew*, I am not concern'd to see you *Jealous*, but I shall be extremely troubl'd to see you *Indiscreet*. Any Demonstration less than Madness (reply'd he) woud be little or nothing to let you know the racking Pangs of Jealousie. However I will do as you have desir'd; and will find, if it be possible, whence this *Page-Poet* comes, and what he wants. Perhaps he may carelessly shew me the end of some Thread that may lead me

to the Bottom, tho' I'm afraid (adds he with a Sigh) of being intangled, my self. Jealousie is a terrible Passion, said *Preciosa*, It is every Moment seeking new Subjects of Unquietness; it never leaves the Understanding free to judge of things as they are. They who are seiz'd with this Distemper, look always thro' a Glass, by which little things are made great, Dwarfs become Giants, and groundless Suspicions appear real Truths. For thy own sake, *Andrew*, and for mine, let me beg you to resume your former Temper, Suspend your Judgment awhile, and *Doubt* at least one Moment in *my* Favour; by this means you may satisfy your self; and I know that you will adjudge to me the Palm of Honour, Reservedneſſ, and Truth in all respects; You will repent of your Injustice; You will feel a Thousand secret Remorses, and I find I shall be apt to pardon you; Nothing is difficult to them that Love. With this she bade him good Night, and left him, impatiently expecting Day, to take the wounded Man's Confession. In the mean time his Soul was fill'd with strange Visions, and a World of contrary Imaginations. He cou'd not believe but that this Page was drawn thither by the Beauty of *Preciosa*: because, as they say, the Thief thinks all Men to be like himself. On the other Hand, the Satisfaction *Preciosa* had giv'n him, seem'd of

Much Force as to oblige him to rest assur'd,
and to leave his whole Fortune in the Hands
of her Goodness. At length came Day,
away flys he to visit the Youth; and after a
very succinct Query of his Health, ask't him
his Name, whither he was going, what
made him Travel in the Night, and cross
the Fields as he did? To which the other
answer'd, he was better, that he was per-
fectly eas'd of his Pain, and in a Condition
to proceed on his Journey. As for his
Name, and the Place he was travelling to,
he said no more, but that he was call'd
Alonzo Hurtado, and was going to our Lady
of the Rock of *France* upon Business; and
to get thither the sooner, he travel'd by
Night, which was the occasion of having
lost his Way, and fal'n into the Clutches of
their Out-guards the Dogs, that had us'd
him so scurvily with a murrain to 'em. This
Declaration did not seem Genuine to *An-
drew*; his Jealousie began again to prick in-
wardly, and caus'd him to make this An-
swer; Friend, said he, do'st thou know
what I wou'd do with thee if **I** were thy
Judge? I wou'd truss thee up without any
more ado; thy very Answers wou'd hang
thee: Dost thou think to fob us off so? I
care not who thou art, nor what thy Name
is, nor whither thou'rt going: but I advise
thee, if it be convenient for thee to Lye,
thou woud'st do it with greater Appearance
of

of Truth. You say you're travelling to the
*Rock of France; and leave it on the Right-hand,
and Thirty Leagues at least from the Place
where we now are. You travel by Night to be
there the sooner ; and walk out of the Road
among Woods and Forests, where there's
scarce the least Track to be seen? Rise Friend,
learn to put your Lies better together ; Get
thee gone, and God speed thee well. But, for
the good Advice I give thee, Wilt thou sa-
tisfie me in a certain thing I want to know ?
Wilt thou tell me one Truth ? I have some
Reason to hope it, because thou'rt so awk-
ward at Lying ; Say, art not thou one that
I have often seen at Court, drest so and so ?
If you are the Person I mean, you have the
Fame of being a great Poet, and compos'd
an Ode and a Madrigal for one of our Wo-
men who was at Madrid some time ago,
and passes for pretty handsome. Don't
conceal any thing from me. I promise thee
upon the Faith of a Cavalier-Gypsie, to
keep the Secret if it be necessary. Do not
think to Shuffle and Cut and feed me with
new Stories, for after all I know ye. That
Face which I now see is most certainly the
same I saw so often at Madrid ; and to de-
ny this, you may as well deny being bitten
by the Dogs : The Renown you had ac-
quir'd for your Wit, made me often look

* A Mountain so call'd, betwixt Salamanca and
Ciudad Rodrigo.

upon you as a rare and a celebrated Author ; whereby your Figure is so well imprinted in my Memory, that I shou'd know you again, tho' under a more disguising Dress than what you now wear. Be not disturb'd, take Courage and imagine yourself not among Cut-throats, but in the midst of Friends, and such as will defend you against all the World. More than this, there's one thing, which if it prove as I guess, it is happy for you that you're fall'n into my Hands. I fancy that being in Love with the *Fair Gypsie*, for whom you made those Verses, you are come in search of her ; if that be the case, I am so far from blaming you for it, that I esteem you the more. Tho' I'm a Gypsie, I know by Experience the Force and Power of *Love*. I am not ignorant of the Transformations and Changes he puts those upon who are his Vassals. If it be so, as I doubt not but it is, I declare to you beforehand, that this *Fair Gypsie* is among us. *I know it*, interrupted the young Poet, *I saw her last Night*. These Words struck *Andrew* almost Dead ; this Suspicions seeming now to be fully Confirm'd. I saw her last Night, continu'd he, but I did not dare to tell her who I was, for fear it had been ill-time'd. So then you are the Poet whom I mean, reply'd *Andrew*? I am, said he : I neither can nor will deny it : Perhaps it may happen, that where I thought

thought my self Lost, I am come to be Sav'd : if there be Fidelity in Forests, or Humanity among Mountains. Doubtless there is, answer'd *Andrew*, and among us Gypsies the greatest Secresie in the World. With these Assurances you may open your Heart to me, and you'll never have cause to repent it : the *Little Gypſie* is my near Relation, and will do any thing I wou'd have her ; If you desire her for a Wife, I will answer for all her Kinsfolks ; if for a Mistress, we shan't use many Ceremonies, provided you bring Mony with you. I do not wⁿt for that, reply'd he ; In the Sleeves of this Frock, which you see, there are at least Four Hundred good Crowns in Gold. This was another mortal Blow to *Andrew*, who imagin'd that he did not bring so much Mony without some Design ; and what else cou'd he propose, but to Conquer or Purchase the Heart of his charming Gypſie ? His Uneasiness appear'd in his Eyes, in his Words, and all over him. Such a Sum is not to be despis'd, answer'd *Andrew* with a faltering Tone, Do but let me know what you wou'd be at, and we will set our Hands to the Work ; the young Girl will not be very difficult ; she's no Fool, I assure ye ; She'll not stand in her own Light, I dare say. Ah, my Friend, said the Youth, I wou'd have thee to know, the Violence which

H 3

has constrain'd me to disguise my self, and to wander from Country to Country, do's not in the least proceed from *Love* as you insinuate. I do not languish after *Preciosa*; there are in *Madrid* Beauties enough to have detain'd me there, and who are not inferior to the Fairest of your Gypsies; tho' I confess the Charms of your Couzen *Preciosa*, are beyond most that I have seen. But yet, it is not Love that led me hither over Hedges and Ditches, in the dismal Equipage you see; It is the Caprice of Fortune, and my ill Destiny. With this Discourse *Andrew* recover'd Breath a little, who expected quite another thing; and being desirous to get rid of his Doubts, he prest the young *Page* to recount his Adventures, which he immediately comply'd with. "I liv'd, (says he,) at *Madrid*, in the
" Family of a great Lord, whom I Serv'd, not
" as a Master but a Relation. He had an
" only Son and Heir, who, as well upon Ac-
" count of Kinship, as being both of an Age
" and of the same Humour, Treated me with
" great Familiarity and Friendship. It hap-
" pen'd, that this Gentleman fell in Love with
" a young Lady of a good Family, whom he
" wou'd gladly have made his Wife; if, like
" an obedient Son, he had not absolutely re-
" sign'd his Will to that of his Parents, who
" were against the Match; because they de-
" sign'd him for a Greater. For all this
" he

" he Serv'd her, and Saw her. I was the only
" Confidant of this Secret Passion, which his
" Parents believ'd to be utterly Extinguish't,
" and yet was never Stronger; for Restraint
" whets Desire and makes it more Vehement.
" Passing, both of us, One Night by the
" door, according to our ordinary Custom,
" we perceiv'd leaning against it two Men;
" who seem'd by their Garb to be Gentle-
men: My Couzen being willing to see
" who they were, went up to 'em, and I
" with him; we were scarce got within
" reach of their Swords, but they drew and
" attack't us Furiously. We receiving them
" with the same Vigour, the Battle was joyn'd,
" and determin'd in a Moment: The young
" Count animated by Jealousie, and I no less
" for Self-preservation. We redoubl'd our
" Thrusts so successfully that it cost both the
" Gentlemen their Lives upon the spot,
" (an extraordinary Cafe and seldom seen.)
" Triumphing therefore for what we wish't
" undone, we presently return'd Home, and
" having loaded our selves with all the
" Money we cou'd, we went and took
" Sanctuary in the Monastery of St. Jerome,
" expecting Day, to see what wou'd be the
" Issue of this Affair, as likewise the Pre-
" sumptions that might be held concerning
" the Murderers. We knew very well there
" could not be the least Suspicion of us, and
" therefore the Fathers prudently advis'd us.

" to return Home, that we might not by
" our absence waken any Body's Surmise
" against us, or give Occasion to accuse
" us. Just as we were going to put this
" advice in Execution, we were inform'd
" that the *Alcalde* of the Court had Sies'd
" the Parents of the young Lady under
" whose Window the Quarrel happen'd, as
" also the young Lady her self; and the
" Servants having been Examin'd, One of
" the Lady's Maids depos'd, that the young
" Count (My Relation) Visited her Mistress
" Night and Day; ^{search} upon this De-
position they had for us; and find-
ing nothing but Tokens of our Flight,
every Body was convinc'd that we had
assassinated these Gentlemen, who were
Persons of great Note at Court. In short,
after we had lain hid a Fortnight in the
Monastery, We thought it advisable to
make our Escapes. My Friend under the
Habit of a Monk, in Company with one
of the *Fathers*, took the Road toward
Arragon, designing to pass into *Italy*, and
from thence into *Flanders*; till he saw
how the thing would End. For my part,
I thought it proper to Separate from him,
and to take another Course. So resigning
my self to Providence, I put on the Dis-
guise you see, and Following another
Monk in the nature of a Servant, we ar-
riv'd at *Talavera*; where we parted. From
that City I came alone, and to avoid any
" pursuit

" pursuit that might be made upon the
" High-road, I travell'd over the Fields
" like a Criminal, which I did till I found
" my self last night in this Wood; where
" your Dogs fell upon me. I told you, indeed,
" I was going to our Lady of the
" Rock; but That was only to make some
" Answer to your Question; for to speak
" sincerely, I don't know where that Place
" is, tho' I have heard it's beyond Salamanca.
It is so (said Andrew) and you leave it on the
right Hand, above twenty Leagues from
hence; but go on in your Story. " My
only design (continu'd the young Gentle-
man,) is to go to Seville, where lives a
Genoese Knight, a good Friend of my
Relation the Count, who is us'd to send to
Genoa great quantities of Plate. I flat-
ter my self that by this means I may get
to Cartagena, and from thence to Italy,
on board the Galleys he is Fitting out,
under the pretence of being one of his
Factors; This (my good Friend) is the
History of my Adventures, and judge you,
if I may not say, they proceed more from
Misfortune than any Amorous Inclination.
But my greatest Difficulty is how to reach
Seville in safety: My Soul is distracted with
a thousand Fears, which (tho' they seem
Groundless, yet to my Imagination) all
the Alguazils in Spain are at my heels.
Now if these Gentlemen-Gypsies are going
that

" that way, and will carry me to Seville along
" with 'em, I would gratifie 'em to their Con-
" tent; for no Man alive will ever think of
" finding me in the midst of such Company.
" But to tell you the Truth, I am something
" doubtfull whether they will receive me in-
" to it or no. I'll warrant they shall receive
you, said *Andrew*; you may depend upon
it; or if you don't go along with us (for
as yet I know not whether we shall steer
toward *Andalusia*,) you shall Enter into
another Company which we expect to
meet in two or three Days on the Road;
and by the help of a little Money, you may
Effect greater Impossibilities than what you
speak of. Upon this, *Andrew* left him, and
went to acquaint the other Gypsies with
what had pass'd. After he had giv'n them
a brief Account of the young Gentleman's
Case, he told 'em the design he had of
putting himself for some Time into their
Company, And they all Unaminously a-
greed to admit him, except *Preciosa* and
her Grand-Mother, who said, *They might*
go if they wou'd, to Seville, but 'twas a Country
where she durst not set her foot, nor come with-
in the smell on't. It is not long since I was there (con-
tinues the Old Woman) *and play'd a certain*
Tradesman a Trick, which I dare say he has not
forgot; his Name is Triguillo. This Man,
who was Credulous and Covetuous to the last de-
gree, fancy'd that I was a mighty cunning Woman,

and

and that I cou'd certainly shew him a Treasure, which he believ'd one of his Ancestors had hid in his House. He had rumag'd every creek and corner without any Success; and as it is generally believ'd among the Vulgar, that all Gypsies are Conjurers, especially when advanc'd in Years, He apply'd himself to Me with a great deal of Confidence. He began by putting a piece of Silver in my Hand, and after that Preamble, which he thought to be more Capable than any other of Captivating my good Will, (wherein he was not altogether Mistaken,) he beseech'd me with Protestations which made me laugh, and giving me Praises which certainly I deserv'd not, that I wou'd put in Practice the whole of my Black Art. So being minded to divert my self with him, and at the same time to Cure him of this ridiculous Fancy, with which his poor Brain was disturb'd; I caus'd him to put himself into a Jar of Water up to the Neck stark naked, after muttering some Words which signified nothing, and putting upon his Head a Crown of Cypress, and into his Hand a Wand, which I told him was of a certain Tree (the Name whereof at present I've forgot.) The Vessel stood in a little Stone-Kitchin: Having seen him in his Bagnio, I left him with strict Charge to stay there all the Day without being Impatient, nor to stir out till 'twas precisely Mid-night; adding, that so soon as the Clock struck Twelve, the Wand wou'd lead him to the place where the Treasure lay. The Booby remain'd very quiet in this Posture, till he heard the sound of the Matin.

Matin Bell, being almost perish'd with Cold ;
but upon the first twang of the Clapper, for fear
of losing the Opportunity, he made so much haste,
that he over-turn'd the Jar, and Two little Forms
which it stood upon. With the Blow and the Frag-
ments of the Vessel, his Body was sorely bruise'd,
and his Head broke in several Places : The Kitch-
in overflow'd with Water, in which he lay
padling and crying out he was drown'd. His
Wife upon the Noise (tho' she knew nothing of
the matter) came running in with a Light and
Three or Four of the Neighbours at her Heels ; and
in this pickle they found him making the motion
of a Man that Swims, puffing and blowing and
trailing his P'ly on the Ground very laboriously,
and wagging his Hands and Feet, and roaring
out for help, else he shou'd be drown'd (for such
was his Fear, he thought he really shou'd.) The
Wife, who had no more Wit than the Husband,
or not knowing what she did in her Fright, O
my dear Husband, cry'd she, What Evil Angel
has thrown you into this sad Condition ? What's
the meaning of these Forms and this broken Jar,
and whence comes all this Water (for God's sake)
about the Kitchin ? Dear Wife, cry'd he, prithee
help me out on't as soon as thou canst, and we'll
talk of it afterwards. I have lost my Strength
and my Breath, and 'tis high time I had some
Relief. They lent him their Hands, and helpt
him out of the Mire, and when he had recover'd
his Spirits, he told 'em Point by Point how the
Gypsie had serv'd him. Yet to see the force of

Fancy,

Fancy, all this could not make him Wiser. There was not the least Hole about his House where he did not dig and delve for several Days after ; and if he had not been discharg'd in Form of Law from further digging, he had certainly pull'd down his own House about his Ears and his next Neighbours too. This Story soon took Air, and was known all over the City, insomuch that the Boys pointed at him as he went along the Streets, which has so provok'd him against those of our Profession, that I hope you will excuse me from exposing my self to his Resentment, by going to Seville. For these Reasons the Old Woman mov'd, that the Youth might be dismiss'd, to get to Seville as well he could. But the rest of the Gypsies being inform'd that he had a good quantity of Money about him, Cry'd out with one accord he shou'd be admitted, promising to guard and conceal him as long he wou'd desire : However, to avoid the Vengeance of *Triguillos*, they resolv'd to turn towards the Left, and enter *la Mancha*, and so into the Kingdom of *Murcia*. At the same time they call'd the young Man, and told him what they intended to do for him. He thank'd them and gave a Hundred Crowns in Gold to be distributed among 'em. This Present made 'em all as Soft as Sable. No Body but *Preciosa* was dissatisfied ; she cou'd have wish'd *Don Sancho* (for that was his Name) at *Madrid*. The Gypsies resolv'd to call him Cle-
ment,

ment, and so shall we for the future ; (the otherbeing too noble a Name for a Gypsie:) Yet to shew that Jealousie is a Distemper almost incurable, *Andrew* was uneasy at *Clement's* staying among 'em, tho' twas done by his Solicitation: His first Suspicions began to wake within him, when he reflected that this young Gentleman, who had express'd so great a desire to go to *Seville*, wav'd his first Design; that he did not make the least Request to the Gypsies to take that Road, and in a Word had neglected the Offer that was made him at first, of putting him into another Company which was going towards that Capital of *Andaluzia*. But *Clement*, as if he read *Andrew's* Thoughts in his Eyes, soon dissipated his Fears by saying that he was very glad they were going towards *Murcia*, because 'twas near *Cartagena*, where he wou'd imbark for *Italy*, and thereby shorten his Journey very much. *Andrew* agreed to't; but, that he might Watch him the more narrowly and keep him always in sight, he desir'd *Clement* to be his Comrade; which *Clement* took for a great Favour, not thinking all the while he gave him any Cause of Jealousie. Thus *Andrew* and *Clement* were perpetually together; they Spent high; they Spar'd for nothing; the Crowns flew about; they Ran; they Leapt; they Danc'd; they Pitch'd the Bar; better than

than any Gypsie of 'em all. By the Women they were more than a little Belov'd, and by the Men extremely Respected. At length they left *Estremadura* and enter'd *la Mancha*; Travelling by degrees into the Kingdom of *Murcia*: In all the places through which they pass'd, there were Challenges and Matches made for Wrestling, Fencing, Tennis playing, and other Exercises of Strength and Activity; but *Andrew* and *Clement* were the Men, who always came off Conquerors; (in like manner as hath been said of *Andrew* alone.) During all this time (which was about six Weeks) *Clement* never had an Opportunity (nor in Truth did he seek any) of speaking to *Preciosa*, till one day *Andrew* and She being together they call'd him. I knew ye the first Moment you arriv'd in our Tents (began *Preciosa* to him) I remember'd the Verses you gave me at *Madrid*, but was willing to conceal my knowledge of ye; because I cou'd not tell with what Intention you was come among us; and when I heard your Misfortune, I was sorry for it; but I will own sincerely that I no sooner cast Eye on ye, but my Soul was distracted with a thousand Troubles; Imagining the same Power which had transform'd *Don John*, might have done the like by *Don Sancho*. Be not surpris'd Friend *Clement* (adds she) that I discover to you

Andrew's

Andrew's Passion. I know that he has already told ye, Who he is, and with what Design he has turn'd Gypsie (and indeed 'twas true, *Andrew* had inform'd him of all his Secrets, that he might Communicate his Thoughts with him.) Do not think, (contin'd she,) that my knowledge of you was to your prejudice ; no, rather to your advantage, since 'twas through respect to me, and the Character I gave ye, that you was receiv'd so easily into our Company, and Heav'n grant it may be of use to you, in the promoting of your Designs! Now I desire you wou'd repay this Kindness, by being *My Friend* as well as *Andrews*. I beg you wou'd not paint to him this Action of his Flight in worse Colours than it will bear, nor to use the Arts of Rhetorick in representing how ill he do's to Persevere in this sort of Life ; for tho', as I believe, I have *his Will* under the Subjection of *Mine*, yet I shou'd be very much concern'd to see him give the least signs of Repentance. To this *Clement* answer'd, Be persuaded, *Divine Preciosa*, it was not through any Levity of Mind, that *Don John* discover'd himself to me. I knew him as soon as I look'd on him, nor was it difficult at the same Time to perceive that *your* powerfull Charms had wrought this *Metamorphosis*. I presently told him Who he was, and guest the cause
of

of my meeting him Here. He did not at all deny it, but trusting to my Fidelity (having no cause to the contrary) he declar'd his whole Passion. He can bear me Witnes, I was so far from disapproving his Resolution that I applauded it; for I am not so Unexperienc'd, or of so narrow an apprehension as not to conceive how far the Power of Beauty can extend; and as yours exceeds all others, so is it a more sufficient excuse for greater Errors; if those can be call'd Errors into which the most Eminent Men have fall'n, and which are committed upon such forcible Reasons. I thank ye for what you Did, and Said in my behalf, and in return I wish that these Labyrinths of Love may lead to a happy Issue, and that thou mayst enjoy thy Andrew, and Andrew his Preciosa, with the Approbation of his Parents; that from so Fair a Conjunction the World may be blest with the most Beautifull Productions well-dispos'd Nature can Form; and that thou mayst be as Fortunate as thou art Perfect. These are my Wishes, Preciosa, and this the Language I shall always use to thy Andrew, and no other that may in the least alienate his well plac'd Affections.

All this Clement deliver'd with so much Ardour and Concern, that Andrew was in doubt whether he spoke as a Lover or as a Friend; for the Infernal Passion of Jealousie:

is such, that it Catches at the very Atoms
of the Sun ; which if they do but touch the
thing that's Lov'd, the Lover is distract'd
ev'n to Madness. However, his Jealousie be-
ing without ground, he came again to him-
self, and did Justice both to *Preciosa* and to
Clement; but still he trusted more to *Preciosa*'s
Goodness than his own Fortune; for Lovers
always think themselves unhappy till they
attain to what they Sigh for. In short,
Andrew and *Clement* were constant Com-
panions and fast Friends; every thing being
secur'd by the good Meaning of *Clement*,
and the Prudence of *Preciosa*; who never
gave *Andrew* the least Occasion to suspect
her. *Clement* was a Poet (as has been
mention'd before) And for *Andrew*, tho' he
was not one by Nature, yet Love caus'd him
sometimes to make Verses; They were
both well Affected to Musick. It happen'd
afterwards that the Company, still ad-
vancing towards *Murcia* and within four
Leagues of it, had taken up their Quarters
in a pleasant Valley. One Night, these
two Friends, who Lov'd nothing so much
as being alone, Retir'd to entertain them-
selves at some distance from the rest. They
sat them down, one at the foot of a Cork
Tree, and the other of an old Oak, and
being invited by the silence of the Night,
they Sung this Dialogue.

ANDR.

Mira Clemente el estrellado Velo
Con que esta noche fria
Compite con el dia, &c.

ANDREW.

I few well these Stars, the Glow-worms of the Sky
With which the Veil of Night is studded o'er;
Then, if thy Tow'ring Thought can rise so high,
Fancy the Heav'ly Maid whom I adore!

CLEMENT.

So fair the Night, it Emulates the Day!
Fairer than Both is She whom you adore,
The Daring Wit that wou'd her Worth display,
Must fly to Heav'n and Unknown Worlds explore.

ANDREW.

Oh! that I had the Wings and Voice of Fame;
Sweet as the Mantuan Bard, as Homer Strong;
Up to Jove's fiery Throne I'd bear her Name,
And give the Sphetes a Subject for their Song!

CLEMENT.

Well mayst thou think by sounding of her Name,
To please the Gods and give new Joys above,
Since a more perfect Work there never came,
From the Creating hands of Father Jove.

ANDREW,

Oh thou! My Heart's Delight! My Souls Regale!
Thy Syren-Force the Wiser n'er match'd,
Yet do thy Virtues o'er thy Charms prevail,
Thou Antepast of Heav'n! Thou greatest Good!

CLEM.

CLEMENT.

Thou Gentle Zephyr! Freshness of the Morn!

Thou Ray, with which blind Love ev'n Ice inflames!
So Soft thy Violence, so Sweet thy Scorn,
All Dye who Look, yet none his Murth'yer blames.

These two Friends wou'd in all likelihood have continu'd their Poetical Exaggerations, if they had not been interrupted by a Voice they heard behind them; they knew it to be *Preciosa's*, but without stirring they listen'd with the utmost Attention to the following Song, which she sung admirably well: Whether the Words were *Extempore*, or whether she had compos'd them upon any other occasion, 'tis certain they were very *a propos*, and seem'd to be made in answer to theirs.

En esta empressa amorosa,
 Donde el Amor entretengo;
 Por Mayor ventura tengo,
 Ser honesta, que hermosa.

I.

BEAUTY 's the Flower of a Day,
 Not worth a Wiseman's Care;
 Te Nymphs, that seek Immortal Sway
 Be Chaste and be less Fair!

II.

Of Lovers dying at her Feet
 Let Celia vainly boast;
 'Tis better far to be Discreet
 Than be the reigning Toast.

III. Mr

III.

Mo if the World Admir'd or Scorn'd
Ne'er gave One Anxious hour ;
To those who have their Thoughts well-turn'd,
Their Prudence is a Dower.

IV.

Riches take Wings and fly away,
And Kings themselves may Fall ;
But Virtue will for ever stay ;
The Mind is All in All.

V.

The humblest Plant if rear'd up streight,
May raise it's head on high.
Merit will make me truly Great,
And want of Wealth supply.

VI.

While Reason's understood by Few,
And Grace in Vain is giv'n,
Let me the Paths of Good pursue,
And leave the rest to Heav'n.

VII.

When Minds upon a Level are,
And move with Equal Pace,
The Peasants Souls may then Compare
With those of Royal Race.

VIII.

'Tis Parity Creates the Bliss,
And makes Our Joys Compleat ;
The Distant Poles shall sooner kiss
Than Love and Empire Meet.

Hend

Here *Preciosa* putting an end to her Song,
Andrew and *Clement* rose to go meet her.
They joyn'd Company, and *Preciosa* discover'd so much Wit, good Sense, Solidity
and Discretion, that *Clement* was effectually
convinc'd of the Worthyness of *Andrew's*
Choice; for 'tis certain, whatever he had
said to the contrary, he cou'd not before ab-
solutely prevail with himself, not to believe
that it was only a Sally of Youth which
made him follow this Girl who deserv'd
better Fortune than to be a Gypsie.

The Troop got up at break of Day, and went to lodge in a Village which depended upon the Jurisdiction of *Murcia*, and not above Three Leagues from it: In this Village the Gypsies met with a Disaster that had like to have cost *Andrew* his Life. The thing happen'd in this manner.

After they had, according to Custom, giv'n some Pledges of Plate to indemnifie the Inhabitants; *Preciosa*, the Old Woman, *Christina*, the Two other Gypsie Girls, together with *Clement* and *Andrew*, went and Lodg'd in an Inn, kept by a rich Widow, who had a buxom Daughter, call'd *Carducha*, about Seventeen Years old, of a coming Stomach, and more Desirous than Desirable. This Creature having seen the Gypsies Dance, the Devil took hold of her, and she grew so desperately in Love with *Andrew*, that she resolv'd to open her Mind

to him; and to marry him without any more ado, if he wou'd have her, tho' all her Relations shou'd forbid thee Bans: so, not to lose time, she follow'd him into a back Yard, where he went to look for some Things: She boarded him, and without any other Preliminary, *Andrew*, (said she to him, for she had learnt his Name) I am a Virgin and Rich; My Mother has neither Chick nor Child but me, and this House is her own; besides which, she has several Vineyards, and two other Houses as good as this: there are Some who say I'm not ugly; if you like me for a Wife, I'm yours. Answer me instantly, and if it hours wise, lose not such an Opportunity, for they don't happen every Day. *Andrew* was strangely surpriz'd at this Compliment, and answer'd her with the same quickness she desir'd; Madam, I am already bespoken for a Husband; my Word is giv'n, and we Gypsies never Marry but among our selves; God reward you for the Favour you intended me, and of which I am not worthy. Cárducha was within Ame's Ace of falling down dead at this unexpected reply of *Andrew*'s: She wou'd have rejoyn'd, but that she saw some Gypsy-women entring the Yard.

She went out abruptly, fretting, and not a little ashamed; fully determin'd to revenge her self if possible. *Andrew* like a wise Man resolv'd to make the best of his way out of Town, and by that Means to keep the Devil at a Distance. He saw very well

by Carducha's Eyes that she wou'd ha' been free of her Flesh, without asking the Parson's leave, and tho' the Temptation was not strong enough to indanger his Virtue, yet he was loth to see himself alone, and Foot to Foot, with this *Virago*, in the Lists of Love : Besides, he was willing to prevent any mischievous Consequence that might flow from her Resentment : So he intreated the whole Band to dislodge that very Night ; and as they had a Deference for him in all things, they immediately fell to work, and calling in their Pledges that Evening, they quitted the Place. Carducha who saw, that if Andrew went, one half of her Soul was gone, and that she shou'd have no time to sollicite the Accomplishment of her Desires ; Contriv'd to make him stay by Force, since he wou'd not do it by Inclination ; She had order'd Matters with so much Secresie and Cunning, suggested by her evil Intention, that she found Means to convey among Andrew's Baggage (which she knew to be his,) some rich pieces of Coral, a couple of Silver Porringers, with other things of Value ; and the Gypsies had scarce began their March, but she set up her Throat, That she was Rob'd, Ruin'd, Undone ; That these Gypsies had stolen her things : And such an Uproar she made, that the Officers of Justice, and all the Neighbours came running in to see what was the

matter ; the Gypsies made a Halt ; they all swore they had taken nothing, and to convince 'em, they wou'd open every Pack belonging to the Company. This Motion of a Scrutiny put the Old Woman into a great deal of Pain, for fear they shou'd discover *Preciosa's* Trinkets and *Andrew's* Cloaths, which she kept with great Care and Caution. But Mrs. *Carducba* soon remedy'd all ; for as they were examining the Second Bundle, she bid the Officers Ask which was the Wallet belonging to that Gypsie the great Dancer, for she had seen him twice entring into her Chamber, and didn't know but he might be the Thief. *Andrew* hearing this, fell a laughing, Madam *Carducba*, said he to her, This is my Portmantle, and this my House ; if you find what you look for, I'll pay it you Seven-fold, besides subjecting my self to the Punishment the Law ordains for Thieves.

The Officers fell immediately to examining his Wardrobe, and in a few turns, they met with the Things they wanted : At which *Andrew* was so confounded and amaz'd, that he remain'd just like an Image, Mute, and without the least Motion. Did not I guesl right ? said *Carducba* ; Who wou'd ha' thought so Fair a Face cou'd hide so Foul a Thief. The *Alcade* (or Mayor of the Town) who was present, began bitterly to reproach *Andrew* and all the rest,

calling them publick Robbers, and Highway-men. To all which, Andrew answer'd ne'er a word, being perfectly suspended and lost in Imagination, not in the least conceiving the Treachery of Carducha. While he stood in this Posture, a Soldier (a Nephew of the Mayor's, and a Brutish Fellow) comes to him, See how this rotten Rogue of a Gypsie stands ! I'll lay a Wager he'll deny the Theft, tho' it was found upon him : 'Twere a good Deed to send 'em all to the Gallies : Such a Rascal as this, is fitter to serve the King, than to go about Dancing from Place to Place, and robbing the Country as he does. By the Faith of a Soldier I'll have one Slap at thee, tho' it cost me a Fall : With that, he lifts up his Fist, and discharg'd upon Andrew's Face such a Blow, as soon rous'd him from his Stupefaction, and put him in mind that he was not Andrew, but Don John : With much nimbleness, and more Rage, he flew upon the Soldier ; and wresting his Sword out of the Scabbard, sheath'd it in his Body, laying him Dead upon the Spot. And now the whole Town was in an uproar ; the People crying out ; Uncle-Mayor raging ; Preciosa fainting ; Andrew in distraction to see her so dismay'd ; and every Body running to Arms, and pursuing the Murtherer. The Confusion increas'd, the Noise grew louder ; and the unhappy Lover, to take care of his Miseries, neglected his own Defence. And

as Fortune wou'd have it, *Clement* was not to be found in this disastrous Conjunction; he was gone before with part of the Baggage, a good Way from the Town: In the end, *Andrew* being surrounded by Numbers, was taken, and loaded with Irons; The Mayor wou'd instantly have hang'd him, but it was not in his Power, being oblig'd to send him to *Murcia*, the next Capital Seat of Justice. They did not carry him thither till the next Day; in the mean time *Andrew* pass'd thro' a World of Martyrdom and ill Usage from the inrag'd *Alcade* and his Officers, and all those of the Place. All the Gypsies were Seis'd, Men and Women, that cou'd be found; but many of them fled, and among 'em *Clement*, who when he heard of the Soldier's Death, was afraid of being taken up and discover'd.

The next Day the *Alcade*, with an Abstract of the Case, and a great Caravan of Gypsies, attended by his Officers and some Soldiers, and a World of Rabble, made his Entry into *Murcia*; in the midst of all, went *Preciosa*, and poor *Andrew* bound in Chains, upon a Male-Mule with Manacles on his Hands, and Fetter's on his Feet. All the City went forth to see the Prisoners (having before-hand heard the News of the Soldier's being kill'd.) *Preciosa* never had so many Charms, as on that Day: No Body look'd on her but bles'd her, and the Fame

of her Beauty reach'd the Ears of the Corregidor (or Governor's) Lady, who out of Curiosity to see *Preciosa*, prevail'd with her Husband so far, that the Little Gypsie was not carry'd to Prison as the rest were. Andrew they cast into a close deep Dungeon, the obscurity whereof, and the want of *Preciosa's* Light so wrought upon him, that he fancy'd he shou'd never go out of that Place, unless to be bury'd. *Preciosa* and her Grandmother were carry'd to the Governor's Lady, who seeing her, Said, it was with good Reason they prais'd her Beauty; and at the same time embrac'd her with inexpressible Tenderness, and cou'd not cease looking upon her. She ask'd the Old Woman what Age the young Creature was of? To which she answer'd, Fifteen Years Old within a Month. *Just of the same Age wou'd ha' been my unfortunate Constantia,* (answer'd the Lady, fetching a deep Sigh.) *Alas, this young Girl has renew'd in my Soul a Grief which will never have an end.*

In the mean time *Preciosa*, who saw her self receiv'd so kindly, took hold of the Lady's Hands, and kissing them a Thousand times, bathed them with Tears, crying, *O my dear Lady, this Gypsie the Prisoner, is guilty of no Crime, because he was provok'd: They call'd him Thief, which he is not; they gave him a Blow on the Face, the very Air of which is enough to discover the Goodness of his Soul.*

Soul. By Heav'n, and by your self, I conjure you to weigh his Cause well, and that my Lord the Governor, wou'd be pleas'd not to precipitate Judgment, nor to be hasty in executing the Punishment the Law threatens him with; and if the little Beauty I am Mistress of, has found any Favour in your Eyes, Preserve it in preserving this unhappy Prisoner; for upon his Life depends mine; he is to be my Husband, tho' for just and honourable Reasons we have hitherto deferr'd joyning our Hands. If Mony can obtain his Pardon, and pacify the Relations of the Deceas'd, our who'e Company will sell all they have by publick Out-cry, and give more than shall be demanded: Dear Madam, if you know what Love is, if you was ever touch'd with it, or do still bear it to your Husband, Pity me, who interceed for the Man I dearly and virtuously Love.

All the while Preciosa held this Discourse, she had her Eyes fixt upon the Lady's, still pressing her Hands, which she bedew'd with Torrents of resistless Tears. The Lady did the same by her, never letting go her Hands, earnestly attending to what she spoke, and looking on her with no less Commotion, nor fewer Tears. The Governor at the same time entring the Room, and being as much surpriz'd at this Scene, as at Preciosa's Beauty, inquir'd the occasion of all this Passion: Upon which Preciosa loosing the Lady's Hands, went and threw her self at the Governor's Feet, cry-

ing out, Mercy, my Lord, Mercy; if my Husband Dies, I am Dead. He is Innocent; if not, let me suffer in his stead: At least put off the Trial, that we may procure all possible Remedy; it may be, Heav'n will send Mercy to him who did not offend thro' Malice.

The Governour was seis'd with new Admiration to hear the Discreet Words of the Little Gypsie, and if it had not been for shewing Signs of Weakness, he wou'd have born them Company in their Tears.

While this was passing, *Preciosa's* Grandmother revolv'd a Thousand different Thoughts in her Mind, sometimes determining one thing, sometimes another; At length Addressing to the Gentleman and his Lady, she beg'd they wou'd have a little Patience, and she wou'd soon convert their Complaints into Joy, tho' it might cost her her Life. With that she haftn'd put of the Room, and left them in some Confusion at what she had said. In the mean Time till she return'd, *Preciosa* never ceas'd her Lamentations, redoubling her Intreaties for Further Time in behalf of her Husband, with an intention to let his Father know his Condition that he might come and stir in it.

The Old Woman was not long e'er she came back; she brought a little Box under her Arm, and desir'd the Governour and his Lady to shut themselves up with her one

one Moment in another Room, for that she had great News to impart to them in Secret. The Governour thinking she might be willing to discover some Thefts of the Gypsies, thereby to make him more favourable to the Prisoner, immediately recr'd, He and his Wife, into their Dressing-Room, with the old Woman, who falling upon her knees before 'em, If I be good rydinge, said she, which I bring you, do not deserve Pardon for the Crime I'm going to accuse my self of, I am ready to undergo what Punishment you shall please to inflict upon me. But before I confess, adds she, Pray will your Honours tell me if you know these Toys; In laying so, she open'd the Box wherein were some Jewels and other rich Attire of Preciosa's, when she was an Infant; The Gentleman and his Lady view'd 'em and review'd 'em, but neither of them cou'd comprehend what they signfy'd, any more than that they were Ornaments belonging to some little Child. They are so, reply'd the Gypsy, and this Paper will shew to what Child they belong. The Governour opening it hastily, Read these Words.

The little Childe was Call'd Donna Constantia de Azevedo y Meneses; her Mother, Donna Guiomar de Meneses, and her Father Don Ferdinand de Azevedo, Knight of the Order of Calatrava. She disappear'd the Day of Our Lord's Ascension at Eight a Clock in the Morning;

the Year One Thousand and five Hundred and Ninety five. The Child wore the things, that are kept in this Box.

The Lady no sooner heard the Name of Constantia, but she knew the Jewels and the rest of the Play-things; She put them to her Mouth and kiss'd them over and over; but was taken with so great a Passion of the Heart that she sunk down. Her Husband instead of asking the Gypsie for his Daughter, was busy'd in succouring his Wife; at length coming to herself, Good Dear Woman, cry'd she, Rather an Angel than a Gypsie, where is the Owner, I mean the Child, to whom these things belong? Here in your House, Madam, said she; The Girl that drew so many Tears from your Eyes is the Owner of 'em, and is without doubt a Daughter of yours; I stole her at Madrid from your House, the Day and Hour the Paper mentions.

Upon this the Lady ran with open Arms to the Hall, where she left Preciosa, and found her surrounded by her Women and Maids, still lamenting and Deploying her Condition; she fell presently to unlacing her, without speaking a Word; and opening her Breast, lookt for a little Mark like a Mole, under her left Pap, and which she was Born with; She found it, but illarg'd and spread by Age. This was not all; With the same quickness she stript off her Shoe and Stocking, discovering a Foot

Foot of Snow and Ivory, and form'd as if by Art; She soon perceiv'd what she look'd for, which was, the two little Toes of her right Foot, joyn'd together by means of a small piece of Skin; which they wou'd never cut in her Infancy for fear of Paining her. The Token of the Bosom, the Foot, the Baby-things, the Remarkable Day of the Theft, the Confession of the old Gypsie, the Surprize and Joy her Parents felt inwardly at first sight of her; all these things confirm'd *Preciosa* to be her Daughter. With that, she carry'd her between her Arms to the place where she left Her Husband and the old Gypsie. *Preciosa* was in great Confusion, not understanding why so much Pains had been taken about her Person; and much more seeing herself so Careless'd by the Governor's Lady, who almost smother'd her with Kisses. When *Donna Guipuzcoa* was got with her Charge in presence of her Husband, she deliver'd *Preciosa* from between her Arms into his, and quite Transported with Joy, *My Lord, take your Daughter, (said she) receive Constantia to your Bosom, 'tis she herself, nor will it admit of the least Doubt. I have seen with my own Eyes, the Mark in her Breast and that in her Foot, and what is more, my Soul told me so, from the instant my Eyes beheld her.* I question it not in the least, answer'd the Governor, holding *Preciosa* close to him,

I had Presages of Mind like yours! Hear'n
has restor'd her by a Miracle which we
cannot enough Adore.

The Domesticks of the Family were
astonisht, asking one another what this
cou'd mean, and they all shot wide of the
Mark; for who cou'd have imagin'd the
Little Gypsie to be their young *Mistress*? The
Governour pray'd his Wife and Daughter to
keep the thing Secret, till such Time as he
shou'd make it known. He Commanded
the old Gypsie to do the same, adding, that
he Pardon'd the Injury she had done him
in Robbing him of his Soul, since the Re-
storing of Her deserved a greater Recum-
pence: And that the only thing he was
Angry with her for, was, that knowing
the Quality of *Preciosa*, she had engag'd
her to a Gypsie, and what was worse, a
Thief and a Murderer. *Alas, My Lord,* (said
Preciosa interrupting him,) *He is neither*
a Gypsie, nor a Thief, tho' indeed a Murderer;
but of whom? Of him that bad taken away
his Honour; and He cou'd not do less than shew
who he was and to kill him? How, Child,
is not the Prisoner a Gypsie? said *Donna*
Guisomar.

Then the old Woman in a few Words re-
counted to them *Andrew's History*, and that
he was the Son of *Francisco de Carcamo*, Knight
of the Order of St. James, and that his Name
was *Don John de Carcamo*, Knight of the
same

same Order; adding, that she had the very Cloaths which he chang'd for those of a Gypsie. She likewise made a recital of the Agreement between *Preciosa* and *Don John*, of waiting two Years tryal in order to *Marriage or Separation*; She gave both of 'em the Praises their Virtue truly deserv'd, and commended the obliging Temper of *Don John*. The Governour and his Lady were no less in Admiracion at this Story than they were at finding their Daughter: He made the Gypsie go and fetch *Don John's Habit*; which she did, and return'd with another Gypsie, who had them in keeping. While the old Woman was gone, *Preciosa's Parents* askt her a hundred thousand Questions, and She Answer'd with so much Judgment and in so Pretty a Manner, that tho' they had not known her for their Daughter, they must have been Enamour'd with her. They askt her, if she had any Affection for *Don John*? She reply'd, The Passion she had for him, was no other than what oblig'd her to be Grateful to the Man, who for her sake had condescended to turn Gypsie; but that this Acknowledgement shou'd never pass beyond the bounds of Their Pleasure. Let us not talk of these things, My Dear *Preciosa*, (reply'd the Father) (for I will have this Name of *Preciosa* to continue to thee, in Memory of Our having once lost and now found thee) I am thy Father, thou art my Daughter,

Daughter, and be assure'd I will omit nothing to make thy Fortune worthy of thy Birth and of thy Virtues. *Preciosa* sigh'd at these Words, and her Mother (being a Discreet Woman) understood plain enough that she had a Tenderness for *Don John*. *Her Fortune is already made* (cry'd She to her Husband,) *Don John is of a distinguist Family, and Loving our Daughter as he do's, they seem to be Born for each other*: Let us not Oppose their Union. We have scarce recover'd her (said the Father,) and wou'd you have us lose her again? Let us enjoy her a little; when once She's Marry'd, She's no longer Ours but her Husband's. You say well my Lord, answer'd she, and the only thing we ought at present to think of, is to remove the Prisoner out of the Dungeon. I will go thither my self, (replied the Governour,) because I must take his Confession; and once more I charge you to say nothing of this Accident till I think fit to publish it. With this, he embrac'd *Preciosa*, and went immediately to the Prison; but wou'd not let any Body enter the Dungeon along with him. He found *Don John* with both his Feet fetter'd and in the Stocks, and his Hands manacled. The Place being dark, the Governour order'd a little narrow Sky-light to be open'd over-head, that he might see him, and after looking hard upon him some time, *Honest Friend* (said he to him, ironically,) I'm

I'm glad to see Thee here, with all my Heart ;
and I wish I had all the Gypsies in Spain in a
String, to put an End to em in one Day, as
Nero wist to haue done by Rome, without
making Two Troubles of it. Know, thou Thief
of Honour, that I am the supreme Magistrate of
this City, and am come to interrogate you touch-
ing your Thefts and the Murder you haue com-
mitted ; but first of all, I must know, if it be
true that a certain Little Gypsie who is in your
Gang, be your Wife ? Andrew hearing this,
imagin'd, that the Governour was fall'n in
Love with Preciosa ; for Jealousie is of a
subtle Body, and penetrates other Bodies
without breaking, seperating, or dividing.
them. However, he made the Governour
this Answer ; If the young Gypsie has
Said that I am her Husband, she has spoken
the Truth ; and if she has Said that I am
not, she has spoken no Untruth ; for it is
impossible for Preciosa to lye. No to be sure,
Gypsies can't lye (said the Governour.)
But bark ye me, young Man ; she Says, she is
your Wife ; but has not giv'n you her Hand ;
and knowing that according to the Heinousness of
your Crime, you are to suffer Death, she has
petition'd me, that before you dye I wou'd suffer
her to be married to you : Being mighty fond, it
seems, of the Honour to remain the Widow of so
great a Vagabond. If I were permitted to
mix my Prayers with hers, reply'd Andrew,
That shou'd be the only Favour I wou'd ask of
you ;

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you ; let me but carry with me the Name
of being Her's, into the other World, and
I shall leave this without Regret. You love
her terribly (said the Governour.) So much,
(said the Prisoner) that if it cou'd be utter'd,
'twere nothing. In a Word Sir, my Case is this.
I kill'd him who sought to kill my Honour ; I ad-
dore this Gypsie ; I shall dye contented, if I
dye in her Favour ; and I doubt not of the Al-
mighty's, since both of us have punctually and
religiously observ'd our Promises. Well then,
(said the Governour) You shall be brought this
Night to my House, where you shall marry your
Preciosa, and to Morrow-noon you shall be ty'd
up to the Gallows ; and thus I shall satisfy
what the Law demands, and what you
both Desire. Andrew thank't him, and the
Governour returning to his own House,
gave his Wife an Account of all that
had pass'd, and of what he further intend-
ed to do.

During the Time that the Governour was
examining Andrew, Preciosa entertain'd her
Mother with the History of Her whole
Life ; and how she believ'd herself to be
really a Gypsie, and the Grandchild of that
Old-woman ; but that she always felt with-
in herself very different Inclinations from
the other Gypsies. Her Mother conjur'd her
to declare the Truth, whether she lov'd Don
John de Carcamo ? To which she answer'd
Blushing and looking down, That con-
sidering

considering herself as a Gypsie, and that she might change her miserable Condition by marrying a Man that was a Knight and of so high a Rank, and one whose Merit and Fair Conditions she had seen by Experience, she cou'd not help looking upon him, sometimes, with Eyes of Affection; but however, she protested as she had done before, that she wou'd resign herself in a perfect Obedience to their Will.

Night came, and about Ten a Clock they took Andrew out of the Prison, after they had knockt off all his Chains but One, which from his very Feet shackl'd his whole Body. In this manner he came, without being seen by any (except those who brought him) into the Governor's House: They led him with great Silence and Secresie into a Chamber, where they left him all alone. Soon after enter'd a Priest, who told him he was come to prepare him for Death, for that he was to be executed the next Day, and exhorted him to make a good Confession. To which Andrew answer'd, He was ready to do it, and wou'd Confess with a very good Will; but why did they not marry him first? They promist to Marry him, and Doubt was more terrible than Death. Donna Gulomar, who had an Account of all this, told her Husband he put Don John to too severe a Trial; that it might be dangerous to hold him under such dismal Apprehensions any longer; that they ought to let him perceive

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ceive some little Rays of Hope, for that Don John wou'd not be the first who had dy'd thro' Love, Grief and Despair. The Governor agreed to what she said, and thereupon going into the Chamber where Andrew was, he told the Confessor that he shou'd first of all marry the Prisoner to Preciosa the Gypsie, and afterwards confess him; Then casting his Eyes upon Andrew, he advis'd him to recommend himself to God with a Contrite Heart, and not to despair of his Mercy, which is often shewr'd down at a time when Hopes are dryest. This short Exhortation being finisht, Andrew was carry'd into the Hall, wherein were only Donna Guionar, the Governor, Preciosa, and Two Servants. But when Preciosa saw Don John loaded with a great Chain, she turn'd pale, and covering her Breast with her Hand, lean'd upon her Mother's Arm, who embrac'd her, and told her there was nothing to fear, for that it wou'd all end well; and she shou'd presently see how well Don John lov'd her. These Words were no Consolation to Preciosa, who knew not what they meant. The Old Gypsie-woman was in mortal Dread; and all the By-Standers in Suspence of the Issue. The Governor at last broke Silence, and desir'd the Curate to dispose himself so do his Office upon those Two Gypsies, for they were the Persons who were to be marry'd. I cannot do it, said the Priest, unless

the

the requisite Formalities in such Cases had been observ'd, which I find have not: Where have the Bans been publish'd? Where is the Licence of my Superiors? *This has been my Inadvertency,* answer'd the Governor, *but I will take care and procure a Licence.* Till I see it, said the Curate, these gentlefolks will excuse me; So without a word more, to avoid Scandal, he went his Ways, and left 'em all in Confusion. *The Good Father has done very well,* (says the Governor,) *and perhaps this Inconvenience, is no other than an Effect of Providence, to the end that the Punishment of the Criminal may be deferr'd, for, as I have engag'd my Word, they shall be Marry'd, and in such Cases the Publication of the Bans ought to preceed I own it. I draw from this Delay a good Omen for the Prisoner,* (adds the Governor, looking towards Andrew) *and he will not be the first Man that has prov'd the Truth of the common Saying, He that has Time has Life.* In the mean while (continu'd he) if Fortune shou'd be so favourable to the Prisoner, as to give him Preciosa and his Pardon together, I wou'd know of Andrew, *In what Quality he wou'd esteem himself happy? Whether as Cavalier Andrew, or Don John de Carcamo?*

Don John was surpriz'd to hear himself call'd by his own Name; but this did not hinder him from answering according to

the real Sentiments of his Soul : Tho' Preciosa has been pleas'd to transgres; the bounds of Secrecy, in discovering who I am, I will not betray my Heart, but do declare that if I were blest with this good Fortune you speak of, I wou'd value it above the Monarchy of the whole World.. So Compleat a Happiness wou'd put an End to all my Desires, nor shou'd I ever wish for any other Felicity but that of Heaven.

Since you make so ingenuous a Confession, said the Governour, Preciosa is Yours, Take her, and with her All that's dear to me in this Life : Possessing her you possess *Donna Constantia de Meneses* my only Daughter, who if she Equals *Don John* in Love is not Inferior to him in Birth.

Andrew, one may easily imagine, was extremely surpriz'd at this strange Turn: In a few Words *Donna Guiomar* let him know how *Preciosa* had been stol'n, and by what Marks they were: infallibly assur'd she was her Child. *Don John* at first thought it all Illusion and Inchantment ; so ravish'd at his good Fortune, he knew not whether he was sleeping or waking : But in an Ecstasie of Joy threw himself at the Governour's Feet, calling him Lord and Father; and embrac'd the Knees of the Lady; who rais'd him up, overwhelm'd with Tears; then approaching *Preciosa*, he begg'd she would give him her Hand, which he wor-

ry'd with Kisses, and express't a thousand natural and tender Sentiments. The News of this Adventure was soon made Publick: The Secret broke out of the House with the Servants, who had been present; and in a Moment the whole City was Fill'd with it. Which being known to the *Alcade*, Uncle to the Deceas'd, he saw himself prevent'd in his Revenge, since there was no Room for the rigour of the Law to take place upon the Governour's Son.

Don John drest himself in his former Cloaths, which the Gypsie had brought. His Confinement was turn'd into Liberty, and his Chains of Iron into those of Gold. The Gypsies were set free, and dismiss'd the next Day with Money in their Pockets, and nothing but Joy was seen. The *Alcade* receiv'd a Promise of two thousand Ducats, to drop the Suit, and pardon Don John: who not forgetting his Comrade Clement, caus'd diligent search to be made for him, but he was not to be found; Nor had they any intelligence of him till four Days after, when advice was brought of his being actually embark'd and gone off in one of the Genuese Gallies, that lay in the Port of *Carthagena*. Every thing concurred to make Don John Happy; The Governour inform'd him he had certain News of his Father's Success at Court, and that they expected him in few Days in those Parts, to take upon him

the Government of that Province, of Murcia, adding, It woud be proper to wait for his Coming, that so the Wedding might be made with his Approbation and Blessing. *Don John* undertook to answer for his Father's Consent; And beg'd he woud not Torture him any longer with Expectation; but * Betroth him out of Flanders to *Preciosa*. The Archbishop, contenting himself with some little Formalities, granted a sufficient Dispensation. The Governour being mightily belov'd, the whole City Celebrated the Festival with Bon-fires, Illuminations, Bull-Feasts, + and Tilting with Canes. The old Gypsie Woman remain'd in the Family, for She woud not leave her Grand-daughter *Preciosa*. The Story soon flew to Court. *Don Franch de Carcamo* was congratulated upon it, nor cou'd he dissemble his Joy. He understanded it was the same *Preciosa* he had seen, and her Beauty made him excuse the Irregularites of his Son; whom he had giv'n over for Lost, because he knew he was not gone to Flanders; and that which rendred his Joy compleat,

* *Desposar.* That Betrothing - Man and Woman in Spain is actually marrying of them, so from that time they cohabit; tho' afterwards, and perhaps when they have several Children, they go to Church and are publicly Marry'd.

+ *Taigo de Canas.* A Sport or Exercise us'd in Spain by Gentlemen on Horse-back, representing a Fight with Canes instead of Lances.

was the Alliance his Son had made in Marrying the Daughter of so noble and so wealthy a Gentleman, as *Don Ferdinand de Azevedo*: He hasten'd his Departure, being Impatient to see his Children, and within twenty days Time arriv'd at *Murcia*. Upon which the Diversions were renew'd, the two Lovers publickly Marry'd, and the History of their Lives recounted. The Poets of the Place, (where there are some and very good Ones too) undertook to Celebrate this strange Adventure, together with the Matchless Beauty of the *Little Gypsie*. And in such a manner was it describ'd by the Famous Doctor *Pozo*, that in his Verses the Renown of *Preciosa* shall Live as long as Ages endure. I had forgot to Mention how the Amorous *Carducha* discover'd the Falseness of her Accusation; She confess'd her Passion, and her Crime, which was suffer'd to pass Unpunish'd; for in so General a Joy and upon so Remarkable an Occasion, Vengeance was bury'd, and *Mercy* took place of *Justice*.

The End of the First NOVEL.

¹³ In part of the Impression, Page 80, Line 14, the Word *Search'd* is left out. Page 90, the last Line but Three, *done* is put instead of *down*. Page 91, Line 3, for *es*, read *et*.

was play'd say Mary took bisco of
to Remasitaplo an Occision. Areygessone
budding ; tol in to Galleria's Tok and bou
Cume, whicn was tuffer'd to bis. Un
cuffion ; spē coulegerd her Paton, and her
Cameas libocer'd the Iffelne of her Ace
muntar was icpa by the Fazans
Doyotree, riss as Agescert
of Remar missil. Now this Autolote
playt longer to Mepha now this
Bosday of the Tymber. And in thop
Ahabund, bogarter, with the Mistigier
appre : nre sre jolote say very good Ouse
100) hichcoker to Calepate this sume
Divisiorne wote lebeday ; spē two Tavers
byside a Maria, and the Hifory of the
liver country. The Poer of the Black
lives suhia si Ywain. C. pon Mipci sh
to the Chigion, and Arif : wised, gres
lived a Dethme, piling Imassise
O'ningemur, as De la Landau is a
I. parfond the Dethme, piling Imassise
to the jre Chigion, and Arif : wised, gres
lives suhia si Ywain.



The End of the Little NOVEL.

11 In autore de libellum, falso est (p. 11).
12 Vnde, et si in p. 11. falso est (p. 11).
13 Vnde, et si in p. 11. falso est (p. 11).
14 Vnde, et si in p. 11. falso est (p. 11).
15 Vnde, et si in p. 11. falso est (p. 11).

